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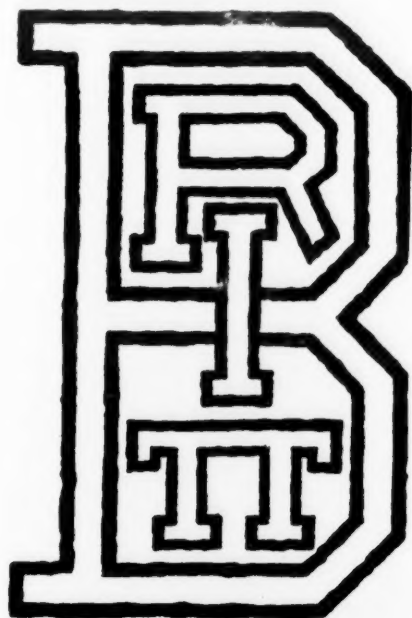


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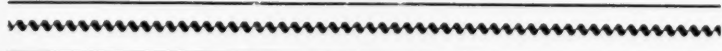
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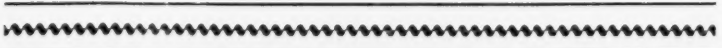
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# REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVI. No. 45

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1917

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## REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

### Searching Our Hearts

AMERICANS have given their lives for liberty in the Flanders trenches and upon the sea. The casualty roster is small, but it is enough to bring home to all of us with piercing effect the fact that this country is in the war actually and not merely technically. There will be greater and more poignant losses. The best way for those of us who stay at home to hearten ourselves against the casualty lists to come is by accustoming ourselves to such sacrifices as will strengthen the men under arms. I do not think anything we can give can equal the soldiers' gift of their lives. All the talk about the equality of any other sacrifice to that is mere delusional flatulency. By doing what we can through self-denial we can make certain that every possible support will be given in order that the number of lives sacrificed be as few as possible and the war brought to an early end. And it would be well for us to search our hearts to discover how much affection there is really in us for what our soldiers and sailors are dying to preserve. We should try to make the idea of democracy more real to ourselves and not an empty phrase. Now is the time for the American at home to begin to live the democracy for which our fellows overseas are paying the last full measure of devotion.

♦♦

### A New Hotel

ST. LOUIS has a new hotel, the Statler, big and beautiful and appointed up to and a little beyond the minute. It is the sublimation of all the advances of a dozen years in hotel keeping. Americans invented hotel life. Statler has discovered the art and science to bring out the best of that life. He has given St. Louis the benefit of all he has learned in his successes at Buffalo, Detroit and Cleveland, and those benefits are open to the traveling public of the world. The Statler in St. Louis is Statler in excelsis.

♦♦

### Japan and China

JAPAN has agreed to the open door in China, but takes upon herself the responsibility for a stable and capable government in China. That responsibility may involve closing the open door now and again while things are being cleaned up in China. I'd like all this open door business better if China had more to say and do about it. It's like our breeding of fine cattle. We get fine cattle from our standpoint, but we can't be quite sure it is regarded as so fine by the animals which mostly are bred to the fineness of vanishment.

♦♦

### A Deutscher Mädchen

I SUPPOSE I should hate the Germans, but how can I when I read Otto Heller's translation of "Minna von Barnhelm" (Holt, New York). Dear Minna might have stepped out of a Bernard Shaw book—out of "Man and Superman." She is as modern as modernity—clever, frank, free, sweet and womanly. The Major is more real than Major Pendennis and as adorably stupid in his almost Roman virtue. There must be even now Germans like these, with gentleness and humor. I know there are. This play is not only German but human, which would go to show there is no essential

dichotomy between the two. Professor Heller's introduction, an essay on Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, is a magnificent exposition upon the great aesthete's clarification of the Aristotelian idea of purgation in the drama. The purgation of the emotions is completest when the tragedy is shown to originate in character's complexity, not to spring from fate. "Minna von Barnhelm" is a comedy from which the cult of the new and little theaters may still learn much. From the quality revealed in Prof. Heller's translation I can well believe that this is the most perfect comedy in the German language.

♦♦

### The Army Was Tampered With

"It is true that the Italian army has been tampered with and that the Isonzo retreat is more of a political than a military defeat." So says a dispatch in Wednesday's papers, bearing out to a certain extent my reflection of last week upon the disaster to Cadorna's army. Someone sold out on the left wing. Latest news is that the Germans have crossed the Tagliamento along the whole battle line and that Cadorna is still falling back. It is grievous to read the piecemeal disclosures of the plight of the Italians as against the enemy. No cannon, no airplanes, no supplies, no reserve force to the rear. All this in spite of the fact that for four, nearly five, months the Italian government had been calling on the allies for help. They called in vain not only upon France and Great Britain but upon us. No wonder there was treachery in the army. No wonder Italians wondered where allied troops and supplies were, even as Russians wondered where was the British navy when the German navy won a victory in the Gulf of Riga. The cablegrams of Wednesday have a sanguine tone, but the Germans push forward, the assistance of the allies comes belatedly and there is little chance to form for modern battle, the Italian people are starving, the army realizes there has been betrayal, it is fighting troops more terrible than the Austrians, the insidious pacifism of socialism saps national solidarity and there is poorly-cloaked chaos in the cabinet. Those are things that must tend to make many students of the great war reckon that Italy may soon be out of the war as completely as Russia. The German victory is tremendous, if not decisive. The Italians are victims of both a crime and a blunder. Upon Germany the moral effect of the advance is most stimulating. It gives more strength to her arm, more keenness to her brain. The allies must, if possible, save Italy. If they do not, they may not save themselves, at least Britain and France may not. The war may then be ours to fight alone.

♦♦

### A Son of the Middle Border

A GREAT piece of American literature is Hamlin Garland's "A Son of the Middle Border" (Macmillan, New York). It is the autobiography of Mr. Garland. It is also the mournful Odyssey of the American in pursuit of the ever-vanishing free land. Not before this writing has the long grinding tragedy of pioneering in this country been told so truly, so feelingly. The almost unrelieved drudgery of farming between say 1865 and 1890 in Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, is described with most depressing effect. One long battle with soil and weather and nothing gained. Here are unforgettable pictures of domestic life on the farm. Bleak frequently, harrowing often as it was, there are flashes of beauty and of poetry. The portraits of Mr. Garland's father and mother, uncles, brothers and sisters are realistically done. They have a pathos that

is not wrought up. There is an ache in the reading of the struggle that comes to naught. Hamlin Garland himself hungering and thirsting for life in a social desert, with his heart yearning for Boston and the joy of self-expression, wins to his goal through suffering and deprivation, is cheered and encouraged by Howells, helped by B. O. Flower and becomes the writer we know. And his glory is that, winning, he does it not so much for himself as for his parents. It is he softens their later days. In the writing of this book Garland is still the Howellsian realist who excludes many realities such as the tumult of sex within the young. Garland comes out of his trials more the moralist than the aesthetician. His mid-Victorian America is somewhat different from that recorded by Masters of Spoon River, but I am not so sure it is not more terrible in its dusty dispassionateness. However, "A Son of the Middle Border" interprets a large phase of national experience and it touches the heart deeply and truly.



#### *Weary Russia*

KERENSKY says that Russia is exhausted, but he says that this must not be understood as meaning that Russia has or will quit fighting. Kerensky's difficulty is that he is too much of a Socialist to do what must be done in the restoration of military organization. He cannot turn from the Bolsheviks to the moderates for aid. The Germans can withdraw troops from the eastern front while the army of Russia debates idealist abstractions. We were told two weeks ago that the capital was to be moved to Moscow, but we have heard nothing of it since. German and Russian soldiers are fraternizing as if there were an understanding that there shall be no German attack. If Russia has not quit fighting it is hard to understand what else we may say of her action or rather her inaction. Kerensky talks like a tired, beaten man.



#### *Tammany Wins Gotham*

TAMMANY comes back to power in New York city, having elected John F. Hylan mayor of the metropolis. Mr. Hylan is probably not the worst man that has ever been elected to that position. All we know of him is that he is sheer Tammany. Whatever he may be at core he is wrapped in the tiger's hide. He has been elected over one opponent supported by all the best newspapers in New York. Mayor John Purroy Mitchel ran for re-election as the candidate of the respectable elements, almost, unfortunately, as the candidate of the wealth of New York. Mayor Mitchel ran as a patriot but the people resented the insinuation that all who opposed him were seditionists or traitors. The mayor arrogated to himself also a monopoly of many other civic virtues. He ran for a nomination as a Republican as well as a fusion candidate. Mr. William Bennett won the Republican nomination, in spite of frauds in behalf of Mitchel, and leading Republicans repudiated the result of the primary—the primary they had proclaimed as sacred. Root and Hughes and Roosevelt bolted the nomination by the people. Moreover, Mitchel, with all his ability, was a rather tactless candidate. He had some friends who were accused of unloading property on the city at an unconscionable profit. Against him also ran Morris Hillquit, Socialist, the ablest and most gracious man of that cult. Hillquit ran on an anti-war platform. Upon it he carried the East Side—the foreign, the least truly American vote in the United States. Under Socialist lashings the school children rioted against the work-study-play plan in the schools, blaming that plan on Mitchel. Mitchel was roundly abused for his deeds as mayor. The Hearst papers smeared him with insinuations. But what the Hearst papers did to Mitchel was as nothing to what the *World* did to Hylan. It was a foul campaign. But Hylan won. He won because the opposition to Tammany was divided, and Tammany was organized and hungry; because Mitchel

had repressed somewhat the license of gay life along Broadway at night; because thousands of Roman Catholics opposed him for his exposure of bad management in some Roman Catholic institutions; because Mitchel was an associate of "swells;" because Mitchel had eliminated graft in government. And because of other things "too numerous to mention." Most effective of all against Mitchel was the charge that he was the friend of the Big Rich. The patriotic "drive" for Mitchel failed because nobody believed that Hylan was a disloyalist. He stood squarely for support of the national government in the war. The vilification of Hylan helped him too. The combined press outside of the Hearst papers pictured him as little more than a shyster lawyer. New York city evidently does not want government by newspaper. New York doesn't want a lid on its night life. New York doesn't want a plute mayor. The Socialist vote was heavy but not heavy enough. It represented many things other than opposition to the war. Though Mitchel tried to make support of himself the test of loyalty there was no acceptance of that position, and indeed those best versed in politics said towards the end of the campaign, that the national administration "got from under" Mitchel. Elected by a gorgeous majority, Hylan's first pronouncement is for the heartiest support of and co-operation with the President. There is no comfort for the pacifists and pro-Germans in the election. The Socialist vote in New York holds no promise of the election of a large anti-war delegation to congress next year. John Purroy Mitchel deserved a better fate, but we must believe, if we believe anything in politics, that the judgments of the people are true and righteous altogether.



#### *Herr Erzberger's Democracy*

HERR MATHIAS ERZBERGER says that Germany has become a democracy within five days. Why? Because the Kaiser wouldn't select a chancellor to succeed Dr. Michaelis until he could find a man who could secure assurance of the support of a majority in the Reichstag. This would be funny if it were not so German. Because the Kaiser condescends to seek out a man who can get his schemes through the Reichstag, Germany has gone democratic. There is nothing, absolutely nothing of popular control of government in this action. The Reichstag doesn't represent the people, as we understand representation. The electoral system in Germany is so contrived as to leave the great body of the people without representation. The new chancellor, von Hertling, interviewed Reichstag leaders before agreeing to accept office, but he also consulted with Hindenburg and Von Ludendorff. The Kaiser chose von Hertling and von Hertling has discovered or thinks he has discovered a way to get support from enough men of different factions in the Reichstag to enable him to get through some measures very vaguely defined. Until the chancellor concretes his programme in definite measures he will not know what the Reichstag will do. The Reichstag has received no mandate from the people. The people have not expressed themselves by ballot upon the war or its ending. And the Reichstag is, at the last, powerless as against the Bundesrath and the military elements that make up the actual government. That there is a certain concession in the Kaiser's attitude with regard to von Hertling and the Reichstag is true. It indicates that the Kaiser would like to have the Reichstag harmonious with his man, but it does not mean that the German government has changed in five days from an autocracy to a democracy. This is not the representative, responsible government with which alone President Wilson says this country will make terms of peace. Von Hertling is the Kaiser's man. He will do his "royal and gracious master's" bidding. The Reichstag is given no power of initiative in government. At best it can only agree to support von Hertling or to oppose him. It cannot by any action tell von Hertling or his master what the government must

do. The Kaiser gives the appearance of something. In a democracy the people are not given government from above; they are the government and they give orders to their officials. Their participation in government is complete, by established right and not by favor of anyone self-established in authority over them.



#### *The March of Suffrage*

NEW YORK state has adopted woman suffrage by a majority of over one hundred thousand votes. Ohio has defeated woman suffrage. Why the difference in result in two great states of equal intelligence it would be difficult to determine. But why waste time in analysis? There is but one thing certain about woman suffrage. That is that within a decade or less women will have the ballot in every state in the union. There is no stopping the advance of this reform. For every reason every man should have the ballot, every woman should have it. Every so-called argument against votes for women is beneath contempt, being based upon ignorant prejudice or vicious interest.



#### *Patience Worth's Party*

ST. LOUIS contributes something unique to the activities of the people in support of the sweetest feature of the war—the mercy work of the Red Cross. It is an entertainment, literary and musical, suggested by the intelligence that manifests itself over communications over the ouija board and calls itself, or let us say herself, Patience Worth. The words of Patience Worth are real, if she be not. Her poems and stories have a substance of truth and loveliness. They have brought comfort and much joy to many people. Be the communicant Patience Worth, the discarnate spirit of one "whose bones earth bosomed long ago," or be she the secondary personality of the lady, Mrs. John H. Curran, through whom the messages of sympathetic genius have been imparted, the personality is living in the ethic and aesthetic values of the mysterious revelation. From Patience Worth comes the general idea of the entertainment and the details of the programme this Friday evening at the Victoria theater. Those persons who have been captivated by charm and power of the Patience Worth writings and have undertaken the social sponsoring of the entertainment are not such as succumb to the cheap and tawdry appeals of mystagogy. They are those who know the true value of the works that have so strangely come through Mrs. Curran. "Patience Worth," unseen, unheard, but vividly present ever in the words writ by other hands, will receive at the Victoria this evening. The audience should be large. Those who attend will be partakers in an experience the like of which has never before been known.



#### *About an Actor*

DEEM not the art of acting a lost one. Thomas A. Wise still honors the American stage. He is a veteran of the profession, but his mimetic genius is as fresh and new as to-day. This actor has personality and all the actor-craft too. He is himself and something more—in brief, an artist. He is seen at his easiest in a play like "Pals First" at the Jefferson this week, associated with another proficient thespian, Mr. William Courtenay. But back of the role in this play is a long career of interpretation of character that includes in its range parts that are immortal. There has been no such *Falstaff* since Ben De Bar, and I do believe that he put into the fat knight's coarseness more of that Shakespearean air and fire that disinfest the grossness than did even Ben De Bar. Wise is master of that unctious which is the essence of humor. His self blends with the character he portrays in such a fashion as indicates his complete grasp of the secret of creative realization. Engagingly human is he ever, with no trace of the mechanical. No one has ever seen him "act." There has gone into his

method much of living in this on the whole goodly world and much too of the results of reflection upon the glories of poetry and drama. He is, it may be said, an historical figure on our stage and an admirable specimen of the American. I would rank him as one of our truest uplifters, for that in his art he makes those who behold and hear him so happily reconciled to membership in what B. L. T. of the *Chicago Tribune* calls "the well-known human race." He has appeared in many more significant roles than the one he enacts in "Pals First" but never in one more wholly pleasant or one which reveals more attractively his ingratiating characteristics as an impersonator, or rather an incarnator of personality glamourised with that whim which never leads into the realm of the grotesque or the burlesque.

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#### *The First German Drive*

TALK is heard of a possible closing of the stock exchange to prevent slumps as a result of the bad news from Italy and Russia. This talk makes interesting the recent statement of Henry Morgenthau, our ambassador to Turkey at the outbreak of the war, concerning the closing of the stock exchanges in London and New York at that time. Mr. Morgenthau relates confidences unguardedly imparted to him at that time by the German ambassador in Constantinople. The story was to the effect that a conference was called at Berlin early in July, 1914, at which the date for beginning the war was fixed. The Kaiser presided; Moltke and von Tirpitz were present and so was the German ambassador to Turkey: "With them were the leaders of German finance, the directors of the railroads and the captains of industry whose aid was essential to the Kaiser in putting his vast military machine into operation. Each was asked if he was ready for war. All replied in the affirmative except the financiers, who insisted that they must have two weeks longer in which to sell foreign securities and arrange their loans." The fortnight of grace was allowed to them, and the "unloading" process, on all great stock exchanges outside of Berlin, began, according to the *New York Nation*. It lasted until the date for declaring war arrived. Nobody who visited Wall street during that fortnight has forgotten the 20 and 30-point decline which amazed the whole financial world. When finally the Kaiser's conspiracy was ripe and war was declared, the German markets hastened to clean up all the rest of their foreign holdings. This could not possibly be permitted, and the London stock exchange shut down. Circumstances confirm the testimony of this expert witness. The German government has denied it, but nowadays nobody takes the word of the German government. The statement of Mr. Morgenthau shows how much good faith there was in Germany's professions of a desire for peace in the correspondence with Sir Edward Grey during the last week of July, 1914. There's nothing much now for the Germans to clean up on the stock markets, though there are rumors that German sympathizers in the speculative world have been hammering prices by adroitly managed selling.

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#### *What the Railroads Need*

DURING the year and a half of his receivership of the Missouri Pacific railroad, B. F. Bush rebuilt seventeen thousand freight cars. Likewise he improved the roadbed and motive power to such an extent that the road is practically foremost among all lines in point of efficiency of equipment. But there is even a greater achievement to Mr. Bush's credit in the announcement that under his management there has been a marked increase of good will toward the road among the people of the states directly served by the system. This president receiver has wrought a wonder; he has improved service and kept down costs. This, too, at a time when there has been a strong and steady increase in the labor account and in the cost of all material that enters into the equipment and operation of the

seven thousand three hundred miles of road. There is a limit to economy, however. No amount of paring-down can offset the increased expense of operation. All the roads have economized and all of them have co-operated with the government to win the war. Their co-operation has been as expensive as extensive. They need money for improvements and cannot get it in the money-markets of the world, because earnings, even at best, lag so far behind expenditures. They cannot operate with rebuilt cars, made-over locomotives and patched-over trackage. Now more than ever the roads must be, as the sporting gentry say, in the pink of condition. They cannot be put in that condition by praise from government officials or editorial compliments. The road should be empowered to raise rates. This would add to the cost of the war to the public we are told; but it cannot add as much to the cost of the war as will be added if the railroads for lack of means to equip themselves, should prove inadequate to the demands about to be made upon them in the prosecution of the war now entering its most crucial stage. If the government will not let the roads increase their rates, the government should loan the roads its credit to finance themselves so they may rise to the mighty occasion of service which now confronts them. With government aid what might not the roads perform in service under such supremely intelligent management as is exemplified by Mr. Bush. Let us stop thinking of the old-fashioned railroad wreckers and think of the new-fashioned railroad-makers like Mr. Bush. Under such men a government guaranteed railroad system, as suggested, of five great roads or systems, operating in a general way as the divisions of the federal reserve banks operate, would be no menace to the nation. There is no escape from some such approach to governmental operation, but even then the zone systems would have to be empowered to charge more for services, if expenses of operation are to continue mounting, as probably they will. What Mr. Bush can do with one great system as receiver and president would be duplicated on all roads with government co-operation in financing needed repairs and extensions. Despite their gross earnings now the railroads must go broke if war-prices continue as they have been going. A country at war cannot do much against the enemy if it has to work with a dilapidated railway system.

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#### *Segregation Done For*

SEGREGATION of negroes in cities is "knocked out" by decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. An ordinance prohibiting whites from living in arbitrarily fixed black blocks and *vice versa*, adopted in Louisville, was copied by other cities, among them Baltimore and St. Louis. The court says such an ordinance is unconstitutional. The *MIRROR* opposed the adoption of the ordinance by popular vote in St. Louis. The editor of the *MIRROR* opposed it on the platform. This does not mean that I favor social equality for negroes. There will always be social segregation of negroes and laws cannot prevent it. Poverty, black or white, will always be segregated.

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#### *War-Time Labor Troubles*

STRIKES and rumors of strikes in these times are bad features of the general situation, but, so much admitted, there is no occasion to regard them gloomily. Our troubles of this kind are not worse than, if as bad as, those that confronted Great Britain shortly after the outbreak of the war, yet Great Britain has accomplished miracles of production in her mines, mills and shipyards. The British government, chiefly through Mr. Lloyd-George, established a *modus vivendi* with the workers; the unions yielding on some of their shop restrictions and the government enforcing improvement of pay. Surely the same thing can be done here, but it cannot be done on any theory that the workers are now sufficiently paid. Wages are far behind the

cost of living and necessity compels intensification of work. The workers are worthy of their hire. If some of their demands at present seem extreme it might be well for those who deem them so to look to the workers' bills at the butcher's and the grocers' shops. The government can well afford to guarantee good pay. Of course in Great Britain the workers are homogeneous racially. They are all English, or let us say British. Here we have many foreigners of dubious sympathies to whom the patriotic consideration does not appeal, but the great masses of workers are loyal, as are their most conspicuous leaders, and they will meet our government in the same spirit in which British workmen dealt with Mr. Lloyd-George. Thus far this government has handled the labor disputes since the opening of the war with tact and with success. There is no reason why it should not continue to do so. Those who talk too glibly of coercing workers are not contributing to the purpose most important—the industrial support of the war. Those who assume that all strikes are of disloyal motive are not making for national solidarity.

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#### *What's Wrong With Our Dollar?*

THE American dollar is inexplicably about 25 cents below par in Sweden and Denmark. There is absolutely no reason for this that anyone in America can see. If we were to pay Denmark now the \$25,000,000 we agreed to pay for the Danish West Indies, the sum would be shrunk one-fourth, so Denmark leaves the money on deposit here. Possibly some German speculators are hammering down American exchange in Scandinavian countries, but it is hard to see what is gained by such action. The American dollar is the best piece of money in the world to-day.

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#### *The Morals of the Army*

So many funds are being raised in this country for so many good causes that no one can possibly keep track of them all. All that one can say is—Give. Academic folk will say the government should carry on all the works for which those funds are being raised and pay for them out of taxes, but that is, as matters now stand, a counsel of impossible perfection. It is a splendid trait of our people that they want to do things over and above what the government demands. In particular I should say that the movement for the moral protection of our fighting men is of an exalted inspiration. We want our boys to come back to civil life uncontaminated by the vices and diseases of the camps. It is a wise thought that the way to assure this is by providing for the men during their periods of relaxation interests and occasions far removed from the temptation to abandonment of decent standards of conduct. Clean entertainment for them is absolutely necessary. Provision for the enjoyment of healthy fellowship in army clubs must be made. It is possible to keep our camps and cantonments as wholesome in body and spirit as the aggregations of youths at our great universities. By providing for the gratification of the tastes of the best youths in the ranks we shall make certain that only the very few will be content to remain without the pale and invite upon themselves the designation of "muckers." Everybody can help to make self-respect the distinctive note of the American soldier by paying him respect wherever and whenever encountered. Therefore it is well that the President and the war and navy secretaries suggest the value to army morals of taking our soldiers, who are away from their homes, into our homes. Further than this, we must make them homes in their camps, homes they will not pollute with evil conduct or associations. For these home places back of the lines, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus and other organizations undertake to provide, but there is need of nearly \$4,000,000 to put in operation the social service for entertainment of the men in the communities about the camps. Make the boys feel that they are not cut off from the social life of the whole people and

thus keep vividly before them the gentler influences of the purity and sanctity of the American home.

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#### More Control Necessary

CONTROL of food prices and of coal prices approaches absoluteness gradually. From all one can learn of the experiences of the common people it is safe to say that the prices are not coming down with a dull thud. We shall need more of this control before long, if one may trust the implications of the situation generally. The need to supply our allies grows greater, with the collapse of Russia and the desperate plight of Italy. Doubtless we shall have to shut down extensively on the production of articles not absolutely necessary to win the war. So far as possible this nation will have to devote itself to one business—war business. All other business will be an obstruction to or subtraction from the business of war. Already we hear that the manufacture of automobiles for pleasure uses is to be stopped. The lid will be clamped on the production of many luxuries, now that the delusion of a short war is vanishing. One may be permitted to doubt that the necessary amount of food control will be accomplished by the licensing of importers, manufacturers, wholesalers, canners, packers and retail dealers in foodstuffs who do a business in excess of \$100,000 yearly. The penalties provided for violations of regulations as to profit are rather heavy, but the \$100,000 is not the only or the worst profiteer. The little fellows are as prone to "get theirs," and after the little fellow has been supplied by the big fellows there is little check upon his rapacity. It is purposed to prevent the big fellow supplying the little fellows who charge all they can extort from the ultimate consumer, but it is doubtful if this will work. If I am correctly informed, it didn't work satisfactorily in England. The authorities had to go the whole distance and fix prices absolutely for the small retailer as well as for the wholesaler. Not only prices, but amounts of supply to individuals will have to be fixed unless the general conditions change. Naturally a government such as ours has to feel its way in such matters, but it looks to me as if the time has passed for half-way measures of food control and control of other things.

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#### Barnard's Lincoln

I AM inclined to think that George Grey Barnard's statue of Lincoln is a good one, because Lincoln's son, Robert T. Lincoln, does not like it. The statue looks like the Lincoln who has been described to me by men who knew him. It doesn't look like a smoothed and slickened steel engraving. Mr. Robert T. Lincoln might prefer a more aristocratic-looking statue of his father, but I doubt if such an one would conform either to art or truth.

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#### Ships for Air and Water

AND still the need of the hour is ships and ships and ships. Only supplies, if anything, can save Italy. Only supplies can keep Russia going. Supplies cannot be sent save by ships. Japan is giving us some hundreds of thousands of tons of shipping in return for our steel with which to build more ships, but the cry is still for more. There is a cry too that there should be better co-operation, or team work between the various boards at Washington—the boards of shipping and war trade. Then too there should be co-operation with the navy. Rumors in Washington are that all these departments incline to go it alone to some extent until they clash about some detail and then the matter has to be put up to the President. Our allies, it is said, complain about delay, though their complaints are not made public. I think there is sound reason back of Mr. William Hard's clamor for more co-ordination of effort in the matter of shipping, for what he calls in *The New Republic*, "a grand priority board," to decide how, when, where ships should be disposed to meet the various needs. Ships are what Northcliffe calls for. And the allies need airships too. We read in the cablegrams that the recent retirement of the Germans on the western

front, after the attack on "the road of the ladies," was well under way and in fact almost accomplished before the French were aware of it. This can only mean that the French and the English have not control of the air, but have lost it to the Germans. The Italians could not have been surprised by Mackensen if they had enough airships. This country must speed up the supply of ships—ships of the sea and ships of the air.

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#### More System in War Work

THERE should be some central body in this country to concentrate and co-ordinate the various calls upon the people for money for this, that and the other war work. It should be a governmental check for supposedly the government has means of knowing the relative importance, the priority in necessity, of the movements that are in operation. I don't mean that patriotic movements should be checked, but something should be done to prevent a great waste of energy and a great deal of confusion. Those who give want to give when, where and how giving will be most effective. As things are, people are puzzled by the multiplicity of appeals. Solicitation of funds should be systematized. The number of organizations soliciting funds should be reduced to a minimum. One central body might control all solicitation for the different approved purposes. As I reach this point in this paragraph I see that the Tuesday evening *Post-Dispatch* develops this very idea in a leading editorial. That does not hurt the idea any. We must not let fund-collection run wild. Too much war help as now practiced looks more like a hindrance. Too many people engaged in such work mean well but don't know how. Now more than ever before in this world knowing how is the important thing and good intentions were never more dangerous for lack of good intelligence. Efficiency and celerity are necessary and they are best produced by simplification of method.

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#### The Street Railway Muddle

THIS city's street railway corporation, the United Railways, meets the municipality more than half way in the matter of a compromise ordinance. It cuts \$43,000,000 from its capitalization and agrees to pay a fair tax for the privilege of a monopoly of parts of the streets and accepts the city's participation in management. Perhaps the city might have put something in the bill to provide for subway construction in the future on some well-arranged basis, but a subway proposition can be taken care of later. The United Railways cannot build a subway save upon the city's permission, and the city would hardly have a subway built save upon some agreement or contract with the United Railways. The railways management is prepared to accept an ordinance it said, two weeks ago, it would not accept. It is up to the management now to win the United Railways stockholders over to acceptance of the wiping out of \$43,000,000 of capital. These owners should accept. They haven't had any dividends for years. Now they have a chance to borrow money for extensions and to make money by operation. The ordinance is not all the city could have demanded or the company might have agreed to yield in compensation and submission to regulation. It is a compromise and, all things considered, a fair one. I doubt if the city could do any better with the street railway problem short of municipal ownership, and in wartime the city or the people are not prepared for that. At least we are not prepared to pay \$60,000,000 for the property, with additions for future improvements.

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#### Doctors for the Army

AT least five thousand additional physicians are needed in the army now. More will be needed later. Why not conscribe them, as we do the soldiers? In that way no communities would supply more than their share of doctors and no communities would fail to contribute their proportion. The physicians should be drawn equitably among the political subdivisions of the country and in proportion to population. Volunteering has deprived some com-

munities of more doctors than can well be spared. Many doctors would volunteer but for recognition of the need of medical service in their neighborhoods. There are few physician slackers. A selective draft of doctors would get all the men needed and get them from places whence they could best be spared.

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#### The Bigelow Case

I THINK the national administration should say something in condemnation of outrages like the stripping and whipping of Herbert S. Bigelow. Silence may be misconstrued as assent and consent to that highly Prussian sort of thing.

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#### The Case for Municipal Milk

A MUNICIPAL dairy farm, or farms, to supply the city's milk needs is now proposed by the United Welfare Association in a report submitted by the president, Mr. Felix P. Lawrence, as a solution of the milk problem. The association has carefully investigated the probable cost, means of financing, operation and maintenance, advantages, etc., to the city and states that by the investment of not less than two million dollars, to be secured through a bond issue, St. Louis can supply her people with pure milk at less than nine cents a quart. This price would include a charge for interest, depreciation and a sinking fund to redeem the bonds in twenty years, and would save the city \$1,340,000 a year as against the present price of 13c. This estimate is based upon figures obtained from dairymen who have been in business from six to fifty years and through a comparison of local distributing conditions with those of Detroit as reported by the United States government. The investigators prepared tabulated statements of the average daily cost of feeding each cow, daily production, labor and overhead charges, and found the production cost varied in the case of the individual who had only one cow and the dairy of thirty-three cows from 6.4c per quart to 5.5c. This was based on feed bought in ton lots at present retail prices; feed bought by the city in carload lots, or produced on the municipal farms, would materially reduce this cost-production. The association further points out that there are profitable by-products connected with dairying which producers refrain from mentioning, such as the rapid increase of the herd—doubling itself in two and a half years—and the money derived from the sale of old cows and calves for beef. At the present fancy prices for beef this item alone would reduce the production cost for milk delivered at Union Station to less than five cents. The investigators also found that cans can be bought for much less at retail per single can than the producers contended they paid for them when attempting to justify their raise of the price of milk to 14c; they found too that milk wagon drivers deliver an average of from eighty to one hundred gallons a day instead of forty as claimed by the producers.

The United States government report above referred to was made on a detailed study of the distribution cost of twenty-eight Detroit firms in 1915. The total handling and plant costs, including labor, overhead and depreciation charges, were found to be 2.3125 cents per quart for a dairy averaging a daily delivery of three thousand gallons. In submitting this report to the United Welfare Association the government advised that twenty-five per cent or fifty per cent be added for present increased cost of materials, supplies and labor. Adding fifty per cent, the delivery cost would be 3.474c, which added to the production cost of 5.5c would be 8.974c per quart. The association contends that this figure is much too high because the delivery cost would be greatly reduced through the elimination of the parallel and crisscross routes now traveled by rival concerns.

The association suggests that the labor for the municipal dairy farms could be obtained largely from first offenders against civil laws, and maintains that one of the chief advantages of the proposed institution would be the opportunity afforded for the

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reclamation of young men from incipient criminal careers. It is generally conceded that a prison term seldom works a reformation; the environment and occupation on the farm would tend to restore the man physically and morally and rebuild in him an ambition for a useful life. His salary should be allowed to accumulate and be paid him upon his discharge. This plan would supply the very cheap labor figured into the estimate of the investigators. Their allowance for labor seems unreasonably low. The report does not allow for unexpected contingencies, such as drouth or disease or a shortage of the labor of petty offenders. It would appear that since the milk is to be sold to the people practically at cost, the sinking fund would have to derive from the savings in production and handling, indicated as possible but not certain. I should say that 9 cents a quart would not pay. I have been a dairyman myself and I hate to think about it. It looked to me as if the dairyman should get about a dollar a quart and a vote of thanks as well. But the experiment of municipal milk is worth trying.

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## The Gary Plan

By Arthur P. Duddy

NEW YORK'S mayoralty campaign, just closed, turned largely on the "Rockefellerizing" of the public school system, otherwise a modified adaptation of the Gary plan. Some readers of the MIRROR have asked, "What is the Gary plan?" The worst thing about it seems to be its name. Gary is the steel town in Indiana—a town run generally on steel trust efficiency lines in every respect. It is what Pullman once aspired to be and was, until the great Debs strike, in a way, put Pullman off the map. Though it is not plain that Mayor John Purroy Mitchel was especially responsible for the introduction of the system in the New York schools, his opponents charged it against him and tied it up with allegations that he was the candidate of Wall street and of swell society. Assaults upon the plan were general and vague in terms. The best educators in the country approved the plan and were at great pains to explain that it was an advance to the high ground taken by our leading American philosopher, John Dewey. Those educators couldn't make much headway against the war-whoops of the Tammany braves or the drum fire of the William Randolph Hearst papers. The word "Gary" was the battle cry. Gary meant Steel and Standard Oil. That was enough for the purposes of the anti-Mitchel campaign. That and the name Rockefeller. How did Rockefeller and Standard Oil get mixed up in it?

No one has less love for Rockefeller and Standard Oil than Miss Ida M. Tarbell. She wrote an acid biography of the man, an overwhelming exposure of the company, basing her assault upon the work, thirty years ago, of Henry Demorest Lloyd, "Wealth vs. Commonwealth." But Miss Tarbell favors the Gary plan. She tells in an article in the New York Evening Post how the plan got a bad name. She says: "Ten years ago, when Gary was building, those in charge of the town looked about for a superintendent for the schools. They were referred to Mr. Wirt as a man of new and progressive ideas. Mr. Wirt accepted the invitation on condition he be allowed freedom in developing the school system. He was given it, and he soon showed what his work-study-play school idea could do for children. Speedily the news of what he was doing spread up and down the country. Gary soon became a sort of Mecca for educators of open minds, and the system began to be called by the name of the town, not by that of the man who had done the work. The enthusiasm spread to New York City, and experiments with the system began. Mr. Wirt came on finally to superintend them. Educators interested in New York schools began to study the question. Among them was a group of disinterested and thoroughly competent educators who happened to be employed by a bureau founded by Mr. Rockefeller—the

Rockefeller Educational Foundation. They made a careful investigation, but have not yet rendered their report on the Gary system." That is the sole basis of the charge that the plan contemplates a Rockefellerizing of the schools.

In the New York Sun Mr. Harry Estey Dounce tells the theory of the school day. It starts with the idea that children cannot concentrate upon one subject for long. So the day is broken up by varying the interest of the pupil. Long hours of quiet in the class-room were to be abandoned. Time was to be taken from study of books for craftsmanship, for physical exercise, for play, for auditorium exercises. By this arrangement the capacity of school buildings can be more steadily used. Prof. Wirt made a vertical division through all grades in the Gary schools—separating the pupil body into two equal parts—the X school and the Y school. "During the hour when one of these divisions is in the classrooms, the other, split up, is rotating through the shops, the science rooms, the drawing rooms, the auditorium, the playground. At the end of a given period they exchange." In the Gary schools of New York there are two daily shifts, one in the morning, the other after lunch. The plan adds but one hour to the orthodox school day. The schedule of a school varies with neighborhoods. Generally though the closer studies are in the forenoon, the easier ones after lunch.

The Gary plan means no more than that the schools are being used to conform to the later views of education. The old system prescribed a regular, unvarying mill that had no regard for the capacities of children, their instincts or their abilities. The system is so elastic that it is no system at all. Mr. William McAndrew, member of the Board of Superintendents of the New York schools, says of the new programme: "We are giving the boys and girls, in the last four years of the elementary schools, more work with real things, more discussion of current history, enlivened with moving pictures, dramatic representations, actual experiments in science, such as have heretofore been confined to high schools and colleges, to which the bulk of our children never go. This is an advance which the private schools, the pay schools, have made ahead of us. In opposition to the new model in the public elementary school it is sometimes said that our introduction of shop work 'turns the children into factory hands.' On the contrary, it gives to the children whose parents cannot afford to send them to private schools the very advantages of handwork that the parents of wealthy children demand and pay for."

The opposition to the Gary plan avers that it simply gives special teachers a chance to ride their hobbies. The regular teacher loses touch with her pupils, cannot mother them. The system prevents teachers from cutting out things like music and drawing if necessary to stress reading, writing and arithmetic. Her personal influence is lessened. The school becomes like a steel mill worked in double shifts. Pupils are used as special teachers or monitors and helpers of other children; a device to keep down expenses. Finally the work feature of the plan is said to be a scheme to train pupils in trades and develop them into non-union mechanics. All these arguments worked up a strong feeling of antagonism among the teachers and finally among some of the pupils. In some neighborhoods there were mothers' meetings of protests against the Gary plan and out of these grew demonstrations by school children that took on some of the aspects of rioting. From all accounts these "riots" were stirred up by petty politicians to advance the cause of the Tammany candidate for mayor. The disturbances were conducted mostly by people who had not the faintest idea of the purposes of the Gary plan. Indeed, the Gary plan is but imperfectly applied in any New York schools as yet. Doubtless the plan has faults, one of them being its tendency to let pupils go along the line of least resistance; but in the main it is rational in that it recognizes the differences between children and tries to do

away with fatiguing application and the stereotyping of the children's minds. Possibly there is a danger of faddism in it, but it simply applies the principles of Froebel, universally accepted. It is doubtful if the country had heard much about it save for the "happy thought" of Tammany Hall in tagging it with the name of Rockefeller, and of course the Socialists played that name up strong in order to make votes for their candidate Mr. Hillquit, who, I am told, is not only a millionaire but a lawyer.

Anyhow the New York city election has been a good advertisement of the Gary plan. In drawing attention to it the campaign was somewhat educational—if education was not drowned out with miscellaneous tripartite vilification by the contending factions.

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## How I'd Make the World Over

By Harry Weinberger

[Recently "The American Magazine" asked its readers to write short articles on the subject "How I Would Make the World Over if I had a Chance," in competition for a prize. This was the essaylet submitted by Mr. Weinberger, a New York lawyer, famous as the attorney for Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman and many other defendants to charges of seditious utterance. It did not get the prize. You may read the prize-winners in the November "American."]

I WOULD have the human race use the entire earth.

The earth is the heritage of all mankind. The earth was made for all the people to use. The holding of land idle is the cause of idle men. All land could be forced into its fullest economic use by taking for the necessary expenses of government each year the full rental value of the land, excluding improvements.

This use of the land would make more jobs than men and therefore wages would go up. The unemployed being employed, needed land being no longer held idle, more commodities would be produced, and under the law of supply and demand, the cost of commodities (cost of living) would come down, and rent would come down; involuntary poverty would cease; every individual would practically receive the full product of his labor; the landless man would be restored to the landless man. All public utilities would be owned by the government.

Keep all land idle and the human race will die. Keep part idle and to that extent opportunity is limited. Idle land is an injustice to all who wish to use it, but are not permitted to do so, except upon the payment of tribute to private individuals.

The division of all production is into rent, wages, and interest. No matter how much the product is, rent must be deducted before wages and interest can be paid; and the greater the share of rent (and it is greatest where population and progress are greatest) the less there is to be divided between labor and capital in the way of wages and interest; and labor and capital often war over the division of their share, not knowing that their real enemy is private ownership of the land. The Malthusian doctrine that population tends to increase faster than subsistence has been utterly disproved; and yet despite the increase of productive power, wages tend to the minimum of a bare living, toil is not lightened and the fear of want is always present.

The abolition of poverty should be the objective of all civilization. Single tax is the means, justice the object. With the abolition of poverty will go war and almost all vice and crime. In their place will come culture and the graces of life.

The world does owe every man and woman a living if they are willing to work. If they cannot work, society must provide for them decently.

Man is the unsatisfied animal and though want be banished, desire would remain and the world would progress. Not charity and shame, but work and self-respect are what men and women want. That makes life worth while. The world must be fully used and not made-over.

## Tales While You Wait

VI. WHEN DID YOU WRITE YOUR MOTHER LAST?

By Addison Lewis

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**C**OLLINS was a bum. He roamed about the country on foot or abaft the rods of a wind-jamming freight car, summer and winter, a restless spirit whose sole desire was to get food enough to keep him alive and beer as often as possible. He never stayed in one place long enough for people to inquire why he hadn't a regular job—because engraven on his soul was a solemn pledge: "Never Work."

If he had ever condescended to do a little manual labor, no matter how spasmodic, he would have elevated himself to the status of a tramp. A tramp will work, if there is no other way out. But a bum—never. He will sooner throw himself under a Mogul engine, and sue the railroad company for damages.

The lowest, the most good-for-nothing among us, say the psychologists, have some capability, some potential power, to do a certain thing better than the average of our fellows. Collins could hold the attention of a campfire gathering of twenty derelicts for hours at a time with his yarning. He was known as the best yarn spinner among the disorganized cohorts of Coxie's army from the Battery to the Golden Gate. They called him affectionately "The Ace-high Liar." His yarns, he swore, were honest experiences from his own life, but as a matter of fact, as all his pals knew, they were seventy-five per cent Collins' purple imagination. But they listened to him, and so passed many an hour otherwise weary and profitless. He could take them with him over the broad, cracked face of the earth. He could make them believe they were Alaskan gold hunters, explorers in the Uganda, English tars, seal hunters in the Bering sea, plantation proprietors in Hawaii, Mexican arms smugglers—anything that came into his round red head.

In another stratum Collins might have been a successful writer of "red-blooded" fiction or thrilling scenarios for the movies. He had been the hero of a thousand unfiled reels. He was a Lafcadio Hearne for description, a Jack London of narrative, a veritable Dickens for pathos. Nor is this saying much. Most every man has known some unheralded genius like Collins, blissfully ignorant of his own possibilities and therefore three times blessed.

One raw night toward the end of November, Collins and a pal were hugging a radiator in the lobby of the Salvation Army hotel in Minneapolis. Why they happened to be there I don't know. Where they had come from, I don't know. But they were there. And it was good to feel the hot pipes pressed against their shivering bodies. They were cold and hungry and miserable; the joy of life had fled from their souls. Under their breath they cursed each other, God and the weather. The other occupants of the room were peacefully reading or pretending to read. But Collins and his companion were in no mood for reading. Their seared, yellow eyes roamed about the room. They craved whiskey, raw whiskey. It would ease their troubles and give them a temporary feeling of well-being. But they were flat broke, they couldn't borrow, and the days of begging had been fruitless. Their eyes continued to roam squintingly, maliciously. They hated the fatuous air of comfort exhaled by the rest of the room.

"Hell!" muttered Collins.

His pal did not answer. Collins turned to look at him. A single tear was trickling down his unshaven cheek. He was a young man almost half Collins' age. His gaze was fixed on the opposite wall, and Collins, following its direction encountered a placard in large letters: "When Did You Write Your Mother Last?"

"Got the homesick bug, eh?"

The other furtively drew his hand across his cheek. "Forget it!" he said hoarsely.

"I don't blame ya, after what we've had handed us the last two days." There was rough kindness in Collins' tone.

"Forget it!" repeated the kid. After a moment he added sullenly, "Guess I'll read. Nothin' else for a guy to do in this damned hole." He shuffled over to a table and sat down.

Collins hugged the radiator several minutes longer. Then he turned up his coat collar and left the room. He had decided to make another try at pan-handling the price of a drink.

When he came back his pal was hunched over the table with a pencil and a scrawled sheet of paper. Collins sat down opposite. A genial glow tingled inside him. His errand had been successful.

"Obeyin' orders?" he asked jovially, raising an eyebrow toward the placard. The kid ignored him. He was writing feverishly. Collins sat still, regarding the placard with half-shut, musing eyes. "When Did You Write Your Mother Last?" he murmured. His lips twisted in a bitter smile. He put his arms on the table and pillowed his head on them. The stillness of the room was broken by three soft sounds—the click of the battered clock on the wall, the heavy breathing of the readers, and the tap, tap of the kid's pencil on the paper. Five minutes passed. Collins felt a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"You can't sleep here," said the room clerk.

"Eh?" said Collins, "I wasn't asleep."

The clerk started back to his desk. Collins got to his feet and followed him. "How much for paper and an envelope?"

"Two cents."

Collins produced the coins. He went back to the table and sat down. After an infinite search he brought forth a stump of a pencil from somewhere in the depths of his being. He began to write. Slowly, haltingly with a prodigious effort the words came. His copious speaking vocabulary, adapted to the demands of a hundred varying tales of his roving life, suddenly seemed to have vanished before the task of composing a simple letter. It was years since he had written anything but his name. But gradually, slowly, the page began to fill with crazily-fashioned words looking like so many hen tracks. After a time, Collins glancing up found the kid's eyes on him.

"Who the hell you writin' to?"

"Who the hell's askin'?"

Deliberately the kid leaned over and read the superscription—"Dearest Mother." Collins jerked the letter away. "If you weren't my pal, I'd bean you for that."

The kid was shaking with silent laughter. "Writin' to your maw! Forget it. Yer dippy."

"Who're you writin' to?"

"What's it to yuh?"

"Don't kid me, cully. You're writin' to yourn. There ain't no law 'gainst my doin' the same."

"Forget it!" said the kid. "You never had no maw. Tole me yerself you was brung up in an orphan pen."

Collins failed to answer. He was suddenly busy with his writing. It was true, Collins had never known a mother. But that fact had never bothered him and it did not bother now. For his fervid imagination was aglow visualizing a perfect mother—his mother, to whom he was pouring out his heart in a badly scrawled letter—abasing himself before her love, which he was sure had followed him over his long, starved years of wandering; castigating himself in the light of her certain forgiveness. He blessed her in words, wrung from the depths of his soul, that he had never revealed to any man; begged her still to cherish her faith, that he knew had many times been sorely tried, for soon he was coming home. Home—to her.

The kid had long ago finished his letter and gone to his bunk, when Collins wrote: "Affecshunitley, your son" and tucked the letter away in his coat.

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It was only a few days later that Collins, attempt-

ing to jump the bumpers of a moving freight, missed his footing on the ice-sheathed metal and fell. He was badly crushed and died before he was found. There was no one to mourn him. The kid and he had since quarreled and parted company. But he earned a front-page story the next day in a great metropolitan daily. A shrewd reporter had come into possession of his precious letter, and it appeared in full, verbatim, under the title "Tramp Dies With Unmailed Letter to Mother." And many eyes in the great city blinked for a moment with suspicious moisture when they read. And several wanderers on the face of the earth recalled with a start the long time it had been since they had written their mothers.

Some of these, with the story still before them, half unconsciously reached for their check books. And that evening before the type metal which had stamped the story on their awakened memories had been melted to be shaped again into the next day's murder, grand ball or clothing advertisement, a little fund had been raised to save what remained of Collins from the Potters' Field.

So it came to pass on the following afternoon, a forlorn little undertaking "parlor" was made sadly gay with flowers from nameless givers, while "Spieler" Hanks, the leathern-lunged street-evangelist, said a few words above Collins' coffin in a voice strangely modulated.

When the kid many miles down the line read the account of this unusual occasion in a tattered, battered, week-old edition, borrowed from a brakie, he drew his hand across his tobacco-stained mouth and grunted in amazement.

"For de love o' Mike! Dat guy couldn't quit kiddin' even when he croaked. A whole town full o' weepin' nuts is just fallin' all over demselves paying respects to dat good-for-nothin' old hobo. Oh, Collins! Oh, boy!"

And he slapped his leg and went off into a paroxysm of laughter.

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## A Modern Psalmist

By Babette Deutsch

"Monday Morning;" New York: Sturgis & Walton Co., 1909. "Songs for the New Age;" New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1910. "War and Laughter;" New York: Century Co., 1916. "The Book of Self;" New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1917. By James Oppenheim.

**J**AMES OPPENHEIM believes that the function of poetry is to express emotion; he prefers Whitman's generous-hearted thunderings to the intellectualizations of the New England group and the esoteric purism of the imagists. But the major part of his own work is marked by a cold irony, or else by a labored philosophy, far too rational for the pulse and fervor of translated passion. In many ways he shows the deep influence of Whitman: he shares the elder's vigorous acceptance of life; his love for the universe, star-dust and dirt; his faith in the common man: "flesh on the way to godhood." But he is a Whitman schooled in psychiatry, whose philosophy is curiously synthetized with that of Carl Jung, and touched with the fire of David, the sweet singer of Israel.

His kinship with the Hebrew poet is seen even in the earliest volume. Indeed, "Monday Morning" is valuable mainly because, for all its awkwardness and banality, it is so full of tendency. Out of its metrical poundings comes the first movement toward the larger rhythms of his more recent work. The dwelling with prosaic commonplace here sheds latterly a sympathetic glamour over ordinary people and things. But what is most notable is the young poet's boisterous pantheism. He sees God in the lighted street-car as well as on the hills, in the dream of girls in an ice cream parlor and of visionaries under the stars, in the sour tenement and on the noisy excursion boat, in the coming of life and its passing, surely in all humankind. A new-born

infant is awful with potentialities: "You may be Christ or Shakespeare, little child."

This enthusiasm is somewhat chastened by five years of experience and study. The God of "Songs for the New Age" is more akin to Mr. Britling's, imaging the individual who struggles painfully toward selfhood. Here is no loud hymning of social justice, no trumpeting of the brotherhood of man and the federation of the world. Instead of the explosions of excited youth there is the serenity of the laboratory worker who deals with explosives; and for cosmic emotions is substituted applied psychology.

"The real sin is in being divided against yourself: In wanting one thing and doing another. For after all you are betraying yourself at every moment:

Every moment what you really are is leaking through in some detestable manner. . . . Your desire for women becomes a smutty joke, Your desire for power becomes bad temper to your inferiors, Your desire for freedom comes out in mean irritations. . . ."

Here too is a keen reminiscence of Whitman. His passion for the unroofed spacious wild is echoed in "Renewal":

"I renewed some forgotten friendships:  
My old friend, the sky, and my comrade, the open air:

My dear cronies, the hills, and my lover, the sea:  
I went out and we had an afternoon of it together.

They gave me tokens:

You may taste the sea on my cheeks, and the fragrance of the hills is in my hair:  
And the tan on my face is a memento of the friendly sky."

There is at least one passage which has its counterpart in "Leaves of Grass." Oppenheim writes:

"But truly when I look at the holy ones, the pillars of society,

I am fain to go and get drunk or go talk with publicans and sinners."

Whitman is even more eloquently envious of the animals "placid and self-contained," saying to them out of his sorrowful wisdom, "not one of you is respectable, not one of you is unhappy over the whole earth." But there is one poem, barren of echoes, which magically embraces the universe, huge in emotional content, unique in powerful beauty. Even its title is poetry; it is named "The Runner in the Skies."

"Who is the runner in the skies,  
With her blowing scarf of stars,  
And our earth and sun hovering like bees about her blossoming heart?

Her feet are on the winds, where space is deep,  
Her eyes are nebulous and veiled,  
She hurries through the night to a far lover."

This sublime image is nowhere recalled in "War and Laughter." There are several good things in it, notably a poem called "The Future," which is represented as knocking on the poet's door to demand of him his life and his service, his agonies of toiling, and paying only with death.

"And is that all?" I asked.

"Yes, that is all. . . ."

"And who shall gain by my travail?"

He did not answer: I started out."

The remainder is a somewhat inarticulately poetic version of Jung's psychology, of the Bergsonian doctrine that man laughs because he is free, and of James' search for a moral equivalent for war. A man's first book is frequently the summary of his previous reading, and this volume of Oppenheim's strangely has that token of immaturity lacking in the earlier one. He suffers again from a kind of cosmic adolescence, and he seems to react more keenly to his intellectual than to his experiential life.

It is in his latest production, "The Book of Self," that he achieves what he has striven for in all his previous work: an emotional purging, a summation of his poetic metaphysics. It contains a group of self-revelations that must sting the egoism of any reader, and a poetic drama which has for its thesis man's progress by a relentless rejection of the past,

by rebirth, and by reaching beyond the beast to human and superhuman. The Christian and Nietzschean doctrine of achievement through loss is reiterated and re-emphasized. While in his choric triumphs the poet sounds at once the profound and ecstatic wonder of the psalmist and the lyric rhythms of the Greek. This passage bodies forth its significance:

"Creation thunders gloriously and the lips of life are opened. . . .

The glory of the heavens shall be made manifest,  
The feet of the deep shall laugh up the hills of night. . . .

The heavens at the right hand shall rise and shake their hair at the under heavens,

The heavens at the left hand shall sing to that shaking forth of challenge. . . .

Skies shall declare themselves in flame,  
Darkness shall be advertised in fire. . . ."

Unfortunately even this is marred by lapses into foolish commonplace. Oppenheim can touch sordid things with light, but he fails to sustain his vision. Yet he kindles the fires of truth and warms his hope therewith. He is aware of and all but overwhelmed by the universe in which man moves as a grain of sand blown over the desert. But he is equally sensible of man's superiority over brute creation: man's tool, a longer arm, man's brain, which lights the sunless night. Adequate in his rigorous frankness, psalmist in his moments of ecstasy, this is the poet's beatitude:

"Live ye to the uttermost:  
Abide the adventure."

♦♦♦♦

## The Old Bookman

CONFESSIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE

By Horace Flack

XXXIII. THE SILVER RULE AND THE PEACOCK'S PLUME

THE world was already so old in the year 550 B. C. that the educators of the Kingdom of Lu hoped for its improvement only through the study of the Ancients. After his birth in that year, Kong studied the Ancients more than anyone else. His reputation increased until he was called "Kong, the Master," and magnates in neighboring kingdoms came to consult him when they felt that they could no longer have their own way without great inconvenience—to themselves.

When Ke Kang consulted Kong about "killing the unprincipled for the good of the principled," the Master said: "Sir, in carrying on your government, why should you use killing at all? If you prove that you wish to be good, the people will be good." And when Ke Kang complained of the increase of thieves, the Master said: "If you, sir, were not covetous, you could not hire them to steal."

After saying things of this kind until most magnates were afraid to consult him, Kong continued to study the Ancients in the hope of improving himself and of finding someone to serve as his proxy in improving politics. When Tsze-kung asked to have all the wisdom of the Ancients condensed into a single word, Kong, the Master, said: "Is not reciprocity such a word? Do not do to others what you do not wish done to yourself."

This is the Silver Rule of Kong, the Master, now so well known to us as Confucius that we have no difficulty in finding his biography in the encyclopedias. It is only necessary to mention additionally that when he was dying, his worst disappointment was with officeholders, who went on just as before, in spite of having the wisdom of the Ancients condensed for them into the Greater Learning, and the Doctrine of the Mean, with both these reduced to the Silver Rule and the Silver Rule condensed into a single word.

Before dying he had explained to his disciples that he achieves what he has striven for in all his Doctrine of the Mean and the Doctrine of the Mean to the Silver Rule, they would become Superior Men. As Superior Men they could become Man-

darins, as mandarins they could attain the peacock's plume and having reached that dignity in office, they could practice the Silver Rule, and illustrate Reciprocity until politics were completely reformed, and the known world made really fit to live in.

His disciples began practicing at once to become Superior Men. They succeeded. They soon began to monopolize the supply of mandarin's buttons. In the course of a few centuries no one could hope to wear the peacock's plume without professing the Superiority of the Greater Learning and the Doctrine of the Mean. Yet after the first thousand years, the known world was just about what it is now or what it was in the year 500 B. C. when Duke Ting asked if there were a single sentence which would explain the ruin of a country. The Master could not think of a sentence of his own, but he quoted a saying of the people about officeholders who wished to get in office so that they could do or say what they pleased with no one to oppose them. "If they are not good, and no one opposes them," the Master said, "may there not be expected from this one sentence the ruin of the country?"

As Kong, the Master, died disappointed, he has left a question which belongs still to the future. The Silver Rule has made no greater impression on political history than the Golden, but in every country which professes civilization, the number of Superior Men increases until in any country we may claim as most highly civilized because it is our own, there may be more of them than the Kingdom of Lu could hold, if all the inferior men were deported to make room for them. And, such is my ignorance, I know of no country, ancient or modern, in which political history has been improved by the struggle for superiority.

♦♦♦♦

## Topical Song

By Franklin P. Adams

A DEBUTANTE was sitting in the parlour of her flat;

A brave young man upon her he was calling. They talked about the weather and the war and things like that,

As couples will, for conversation stalling. The talk it all went merry quite until the young man said:

"Last night I dreamed that you had gone away—" The debutante put up her hand and stopped the young man dead,

And softly unto him these words did say:

CHORUS

"Don't tell me what you dreamt last night, I must not hear you speak!

For it might bring a crimson blush unto my maiden cheek.

If I were you, that subject is a thing that I'd avoid— Don't tell me what you dreamt last night, for I've been reading Freud."

A loving husband sat one morn at breakfast with his wife,

And said to her: "Oh, Minnie, pass the cream. Last night I dreamed that Fritz Scheff pursued me with a knife,

And though I tried, I couldn't even scream." His little wife put up her hand, and said: "Oh, pray desist!

To tell the rest of it might break my heart. That dream, I fear, is plain to any psychoanalyst." And then she softly wept, and said, in part:

CHORUS

"Don't tell me what you dreamt last night," etc.

From "Weights and Measures" (published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York).

# Why We Are Willing to Pay a Gross Receipts Tax

This letter comes to us from an "Olive street strap-hanger":

"You say your franchises have no money value to you.

"You say any franchise tax is a tax on property you don't own.

"You say a gross receipts tax is a franchise tax.

"Yet you say you are willing to accept a settlement that requires you to pay a 3%, \$360,000 a year gross receipts franchise tax, in addition to your \$660,000 general property and paving taxes.

"If this \$300,000 a year gross receipts tax is a tax on property you don't own, why are you willing to pay it?"

Any inquiry from a patron is entitled to respectful consideration, both by this Company and by the City Government.

Here's our answer:

This Company stands ready to accept a settlement requiring us to pay a 3%, \$360,000 a year gross receipts franchise tax BECAUSE WE HAVE AGREED TO DO IT, in return for certain concessions to be granted by the City. We agreed reluctantly, because it is a tax we should not pay. It is a tax on franchise

values which we legally bought and paid for, but which the State took from us, without compensation, in 1913. The City is now requiring us to retire securities issued against those values. It is, moreover, an unjust double tax on car riders. Every dollar of it should be used giving car riders more and better service.

This agreement was reached last Summer. The Company asked for a conference. The City Government appointed a committee, representing its executive, legal, engineering, financial and legislative departments, to meet with representatives of the Company. Public conferences were held in which every phase of the situation was thoroughly discussed.

As a result of these conferences the Company met every demand of the City. All that the Company got in return was the

City's promise of \$120,000 a year reduction of our franchise taxes—from \$480,000 to \$360,000—and a promise of a permit to do business for fifty years subject to City and State regulation.

City's promise of \$120,000 a year reduction of our franchise taxes—from \$480,000 to \$360,000—and a promise of a permit to do business for fifty years subject to City and State regulation.

We have already given that promised \$120,000 a year tax reduction, with \$10,000 a year added, to our car men in increased wages.

The following paragraphs from a Globe-Democrat editorial published last week will help strap-hangers and others to understand what happened:

"Then the United Railways Company came before the City petitioning for a settlement of controversies by mutual concessions and the establishment of a harmonious working agreement between the City and the Company.

"Its financial condition threatened a receivership. Bonds to a large amount were coming due. New capital was required to take care of this indebtedness and to provide for needed extensions and improvements.

"The attitude of the City in regard to the general franchises frightened capital away. The Company had paid no dividends for years.

Its stocks were practically valueless and its securities far below par.

"The City Government realized that a receivership would be disastrous to the service AND DISASTROUS TO THE MUNICIPAL REVENUES. IT DID NOT WANT TO KILL THE GOLDEN GOOSE. It agreed to a compromise that would save the Company from the rocks, give the City a share in the direction of the concern and enable it to draw what it considered a sufficient revenue from the Company.

"We said at the time, and we have not changed our mind, that THE CITY DROVE A HARD BARGAIN."

The City Government did indeed drive a hard bargain—hard on the Company and its employees and hard on the passengers. The City should quit collecting any franchise tax, leaving the whole \$480,000 a year to be used for more service and better wages.

However, having accepted the City's terms, for the reasons stated, THIS COMPANY STANDS READY TO MAKE ITS WORD GOOD. We are now waiting for the City Government to pass an ordinance giving legal effect to the agreement whose terms it dictated.

## The United Railways Company of St. Louis

## Letters From the People

### Red Cross Affairs

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 3, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

It is indeed unfortunate that it should be necessary at this time to turn aside from the obvious and overwhelming tasks which confront the American Red Cross to parry blows aimed at the integrity of the greatest humanitarian organization operating in the world to-day. Your correspondent, Mrs. Downing, seems not at all convinced of the able and efficient management of the American Red Cross. She does insinuate, in spite of her objection to the word, that public funds are not being judiciously handled. To furnish a complete statement of Red Cross expenditures will require more space than you would be willing to grant. You will, however, allow me to make one or two general statements.

First, Mr. Davison has said repeatedly and the statement cannot be challenged that every dollar given to the Red Cross for relief is being expended for relief. Administrative expenses are taken care of out of membership dues. The Red Cross now numbers some five million members, the large majority of whom are paying the minimum membership fee of \$1. Fifty cents out of every dollar membership fee remains in the local chapter treasury to be expended at the discretion of the local Red Cross membership. The other fifty cents is forwarded to Washington and the multiplication of these half-dollars goes to make up a fund out of which all operating expenses are defrayed. This fund, as you can easily see, would amount on the basis of five million members to probably two and a half or three million dollars. If then the great war fund of one hundred and twenty million dollars is being administered at the expense of approximately two per cent, the economical management of the Red Cross cannot be questioned. In addition, let it be known that the sum of \$500,000 has been diverted to the purchase of Liberty bonds.

Not only is this great fund being expended and distributed with the utmost care and economy, but articles contributed by women's work which aggregate in value fifty million dollars are being constantly transported across the seas.

Unfounded charges have been made that many Red Cross officials are receiving large salaries. Salary lists covering the entire office force at Washington have twice been published and are easily accessible to Mrs. Downing. Over seventy able and successful business men and women have set aside their private affairs and are now in Washington under no expense to the Red Cross, devoting all of their time to its management. There are a few experts or executives on the Washington pay roll who were connected with the Red Cross in the days before the war and who are being continued at the same salaries they formerly drew. One of these salaries amounts to \$6,000 per year, another to \$7,500, which is the highest salary and the only salary of that amount being paid in the Red Cross.

The commissions which have been sent abroad to France, Russia, Italy,

Roumania, etc., are for the most part made up of men who are paying their own expenses. The most active of these commissions at the present moment is that operating in France, which has now enlisted the efforts of some 800 workers. Of these about 520 are volunteers and the rest are paid on an average of \$800 per year, thus reducing the average cost of the Red Cross for each of the 864 persons at present working in France to \$300 per year for each worker.

All of the division managers in the thirteen divisions in this country are volunteers serving without pay. Each division manager has nine or ten department directors and these with very few exceptions are also volunteers. It is only by reason of this kind of unselfish support that so wonderful a showing can be made. Never before under any circumstances were such vast sums disbursed with so little cost. If these general statements still fail to satisfy Mrs. Downing, I suggest that she call at Red Cross Headquarters where detailed figures will be shown her.

I confess that I am unable to present

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at this time a list of those firms through whom the Red Cross has purchased such supplies as have been sent abroad. Great purchases have been made of medical supplies, surgical instruments, blankets, bedding, agricultural implements, food and clothing. In addition, many patriotic manufacturers have donated valuable supplies and commodities to the American Red Cross. In Mrs. Downing's last article she insinuated that favorite banks were being made the custodians of Red Cross funds. This charge has been emphatically denied by Mr. Davison and others. The insinuation that contracts for supplies are being let to favorites will also be disproved. Slander has not yet touched our government and the American people may well rest secure in the confidence that the management of the American

Red Cross will be such as to render it also immune from such attacks.

The American Red Cross is confronting the most terrific obligations ever imposed upon a volunteer organization. The support it has received from the men and women in America thus far is one of the amazing developments of the war. Many unfair and unproved charges have been from time to time launched against the Red Cross and insidious forces will always be at work to undermine its prestige.

One other point in Mrs. Downing's letter remains to be touched. This point, I confess I approach with great embarrassment as personally I know nothing whatever of the merits of Miss Clara Barton's case. It may be that justice has been denied her but it can safely be said that this present admin-

istration of the Red Cross is in no way responsible. All of its energies are now being brought to bear on the tremendous problems of relief at home and abroad. The Red Cross is the most powerful ally of our fighting forces. The Red Cross is out to win the war and will not be diverted from its purpose.

If we cannot pause now to do justice to the dead, it is because we are busy carrying comfort and succor to those who suffer while yet alive.

Very truly yours,

LOUIS LA BEAUME,

Director of Publicity.

♦♦♦

## Fisticuffs in Congress

By Margaret B. Downing

No two people in Washington can agree on a single man who has come into fame for his part in furthering the policies of the country, since last February when President Wilson asked congress for legislation to join the allies against Germany. A few of the old-timers may have added a leaf or two to their laurel crowns, but these rewards were bestowed for their finesse in piloting bills through stormy waters rather than for their own constructive efforts. If there be a halo to attach to the war legislation, it must surround the classic brow of Woodrow Wilson, admittedly the author of all the measures which have aligned this country in the fore ranks of Germany's armed foes. The Conscript Fathers and the M. C's. have attained a wider fame as pugilists than as statesmen. So many have seemed ready to fight for their country as they see her enemies, in one way and another, that the sergeant-at-arms has hopped about nimbly, not only on the floor of the legislative chambers but also in the corridors where more than one innocent by-stander has met the traditional fate.

Congress adjourned with standing committees appointed to inquire into the performances of two members, La Follette in the senate and Heflin in the house, and report their conclusions when the sessions begin in December. Both men, in the limelight on different sides of the burning issues of the war, have been indulging in the manly art of self-defense, though it must be confessed their exhibition was tame in the extreme, and not at all what congress expects when Berserker rage stalks forth. Possibly these two men have figured more conspicuously in press comment here and abroad than the fervid advocates of the Wilson policies, with their daily exaltation of the Wilson philosophy, or the subtle logicians who patriotically support the war but eternally condemn the administration's way of conducting it. And it is a tie which man has offered comfort and support to the enemy in a larger dose; La Follette with his open condemnation of getting into the conflict at all, or Heflin in his veiled charges of treason in the legislative ranks. Apparently the President settled on Heflin as the man capable of creating more mischief than La Follette, hence his uncompromising attitude towards those who wished to investigate the Alabamian's charges that there were six or seven men in

the lower house whom he believed had received part of von Bernstorff's "rep-tilite fund." But the President was unable to dam that torrent of indignation and the committee to investigate Heflin was appointed. But the very next day congress adjourned. In the senate the committee to investigate La Follette with a view of expelling him from that body was also left on all fours, so the presidential counsels, though on the surface set at naught, have brought results. La Follette and Heflin have gone back home and it remains to be seen what time will bring forth regarding their future.

It is not often that a man is a member of congress for almost fourteen years and remains in the ranks of the mediocrities. He usually suffers defeat or goes forward in his public career. But such is the record of the doughty man from Alabama. He is on but one committee, agriculture, and he is an insignificant member of that. About ten years ago the capital city was profoundly shocked because a member of congress had pulled out a pistol in a crowded street car, to punish a negro man who had affrighted a lady sitting beside him. It came out in the trial, later, that the negro was intoxicated and had pulled out a bottle of whiskey and was raising it to his lips when the woman near him uttered a cry. Heflin was directly across the aisle and he whipped out his gun in a twinkling and took aim. The entire episode, both as to results in Washington and in Alabama, is worthy of celebration in opera bouffe, save that the official status of the main actor gave it a lamentable turn. For Heflin missed the negro—he explained that the car lurched just as he pulled—and he came perilously close to hitting the lady whom he sought to defend, and did strike a man sitting beside her, and a white man at that. Washington, like other civilized cities, forbids the carrying of concealed weapons. Heflin explained to the bench, and it must be confessed he is a handy man at offering excuses, that he lived in a lonely section and was compelled to go armed, and though there is positively no such locality in Washington this was accepted. An M. C. is virtually immune at the capital and Heflin was acquitted, though the man he shot was ill in the hospital for months and later developed a disease which fastened on him because of his enfeebled condition.

All this happened in the early winter and the following autumn Heflin returned to his district to stand for reelection. Washington was naturally interested in results, for the shooting had called forth every variety of opinion, the merest fraction of it friendly, and it was frankly predicted that even in Alabama he would be repudiated. He came within a shave of defeat, though, not, as the capital folks had hoped, because of his misdemeanor, but because he had disgraced the state through being such a miserable shot. The records of the stump speeches during that campaign are simply side-splitting. Mark Twain, George Ade, Irwin Cobb all combined never wrote anything more exquisitely funny than the bitter denunciations of Heflin in his own district for trying to kill a nigger and almost killing a white man instead. Washington resigned herself thereafter to all and

every from that remarkable state whose name means "Here We Rest."

Alabama people have to apologize during every congress for some sort of an oddity in the legislative ranks. There was Howard, who wrote "If Christ Came to Congress" and infuriated that body as it has seldom been in its history. But Alabama had gumption enough to permit Howard to stay at home after his burst into literature. Then there was Hobson, forever getting the commonwealth into hot water, always having controversies in which he was worsted. For a true-blue Southron, Hobson was permitted much latitude of speech. Both Roosevelt and Robley Evans denied statements he attributed to them and the energetic Colonel bluntly assigned him a high place in the Ananias class. But Hobson was endeavoring to be a statesman. He was nothing of a pugilist.

This congress has an amazing lot of noble defenders of themselves and the constitution, beginning with the pale, lean, scholarly senator from Massachusetts, Henry Cabot Lodge, who indulged in fisticuffs with a pacifist last December. It is fortunate the adjournment of congress came so soon after the appointment of the committees to weigh La Follette and Heflin, for such conferences result oftener in black eyes and bruised chests than in satisfactory expositions. Some exciting scenes have recently taken place in the committee rooms, especially when some exhausted law-maker tries to heckle a peppery witness with Celtic blood in his veins. Representative Ben Johnson was invited out into the corridor by a man with blood in his eye, who had been testifying before the committee on accounts. Mr. Johnson did not accept that invitation though he did one from John Shields, a local attorney, who resented some remarks the Kentuckian made about the fitness of Washingtonians to govern themselves. It was reported to be a creditable fight of at least two rounds, before the belligerents could be parted.

Nearly all the real battles occur in the house when they are not staged in the committees and it is noteworthy that the most fiery member of the lower chamber will, on being promoted to the senate, become amiable as a candidate for political honors. Two shining examples may be cited. John Sharpe Williams and Thomas William Hardwick figured in several mix-ups; in fact, the wit from Mississippi had a habit of getting up a scrap when the sessions were dull. One day he had been scrapping with DeArmond and he crossed the aisle with his arms uplifted threateningly when the Missouri man dealt him a blow which knocked him at least ten feet. But a self-constituted referee, no other than the present Speaker Champ Clark, testified that the gavel for adjournment had fallen just a fraction of a second before the Missouri man's fist had struck. Neither suffered the censure which follows such displays on the floor of the chambers. Senator Hardwick, it must be admitted, has never picked a quarrel; only defended himself mightily well when he was in one, as for instance when former Representative Bartlett of his own state, Georgia, came prancing on him with an open knife.

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Bartlett always maintained that he was indulging surreptitiously in a little manicuring when the Georgia member annoyed him, but that he closed the knife before he struck. Bartlett holds the record for hand-to-hand encounters in the house. There was undisguised relief when the irascible judge decided he had enough of public honor and retired to his home near Macon.

But the senators do fight on occasion, as La Follette has several times this session and as Ashurst of Arizona and others of the militant type. But the most celebrated of senatorial broils was between Tillman and McLaurin, both of South Carolina, and resulted for Tillman in being denied the tremendous privilege of stretching his legs under the same mahogany with Prince Henry of Prussia. McLaurin was a friend of

Roosevelt's and when he calmly called his colleague a liar, and was knocked down for the epithet, the President promptly issued a statement censuring Tillman in the severest terms. Not a word of blame was uttered for the man who used the offensive word, and the President virtuously declared he could not dream of asking such a man (Tillman) to meet his illustrious guest. Roosevelt's standards have, of course, changed since then and possibly he would not care now who was asked to meet the Kaiser's brother. But Tillman never forgave him for that slight, and a percentage of southerners, with this in mind and the Booker Washington incident subjoined, would drop all invitations from the White House into the waste basket and never even take the pains to send regrets. Representative Thomas of Kentucky, who is the brother-in-law of Ollie James, had a thoroughly good fight with two newspaper men in the house corridor and those who favor the legislator say he whipped them both in good fashion. Those who uphold the power of the Fourth Estate allege that the scribes declined to take advantage of the odds and each struck a fair blow at the enemy and let it go at that. Those who saw the encounter between Heflin and Norton report that it had only begun when the combatants were parted, though all admit that Norton struck a blow which knocked his accuser over a near-by seat. Alabamans and the Southerners generally apologize for Heflin. No doubt the entire affair makes comforting reading in Berlin. On occasion there comes over the wires a synopsis of a speech delivered in the French Chamber or the British Parliament which has a statesmanlike ring. But precious little of the speech-making of the recent congress looks convincing in print, and to focus attention the rampant belligerency of senate and house has been featured by the enterprising moulders of public opinion. Without a doubt, the French may fight more bloodless duels, but for genuine tussles, with the rules of the Marquis of Queensbury accepted, the congress which has just rested from its garrulity, must precede all other legislative bodies combined, not even excepting the fateful Duma.

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### Zeublin at Sheldon Memorial

Professor Charles Zeublin will give a series of five lectures on Pan-Preparedness at the Sheldon auditorium under the auspices of the Ethical Society on November 16, 23 and 30, December 7 and 14. His subjects will be: "Alien or American," the farther our people get from Europe in geography or time the more American they should be; "Marine, Submarine and Merchant Marine," of which the last named is indispensable; "Standing Army or Working Army," militarism can best be combated by industrial training and service; "Feudal or Democratic Industry," true preparedness correlates industrial and financial independence of the individual; and "Federalism and World Organization," home rule is the essence of federal government. Through the series Professor Zeublin attempts to prove that if America is to profit by her participation in the world war she must mobilize her resources so as to serve world commerce after the war as well as her allies during the war. Prof. Zeublin is one of the most effective platform publicists in the United States.

## Socialism Various

By William H. Seed

"Your Part in Poverty," by George Lansbury. (B. W. Huebsch, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.) \$1.00 net.

I have seldom come across a book which is so fully the expression of a man. Lansbury I have been intimately associated with, and he is so simple and straightforward a character that even a superficial acquaintance reveals the man. I remember meeting a political opponent of his in the lobby of the House of Commons the day after "George" had got himself forcibly ejected to oblige the militant suffragists. The first words spoken showed that though he was an opponent, he was by no means a personal enemy, for he said: "Lansbury has a heart so big, God would be proud to shake hands with him." In fact, I do not think Lansbury has any personal enemies.

Before you read this book you should know something of its author. He is not a learned man, in an academic sense. In his conversation he reveals the East End cockney. I have no doubt someone has had to go through his MSS. to put the grammar straight. Perhaps it was Gerald Gould, since his assistance is acknowledged on the flyleaf. George was born in the East End, and has lived there all his life. He is manager of a business there. One wonders how he ever managed to build it up, for one thinks of the East End as a place where the struggle for life is keen and bitter and where the honest man is sure to go to the wall. Few Americans have any conception of the vast extent of the hopeless poverty of Poplar, Bow, Whitechapel, and Wapping, and of the way in which men fight to build up little businesses to lift themselves out of the ranks of the lowest-paid wageworkers, only in too many cases to find the struggle too hard, and to sink back into the social maelstrom. But Lansbury's very openness and generosity make everyone trust and love him, and the certainty they will always receive a square deal makes men do business with him. He would be an exceptional kind of rascal who would have the heart to try to "put one over" on George. His honesty is infectious.

But although he has raised himself above the ranks of the wageworkers, George is not, and never will be, other than a poor man. He never sticks to anything he has when anyone looms in sight whose need is greater than his own—and he lives in the East End.

Lansbury has always been on the lookout for something that would cure poverty. He has belonged to various movements but it is now many years ago since the Socialist movement gripped him. He has belonged to every phase of it at some time or other, and I was associated with him at the time he left the Labor party to take part in an undefined "rebel" movement which was tired of the increasing supineness of political Labor, yet had no clear policy of its own. The *Daily Herald*, with which I was prominently connected, became the organ of this movement, and Lansbury eventually edited it. It still exists in his hands, though since the war it has become a weekly. But no one who did not come into personal

contact with it can form any idea of the almost mystic influence the *Herald* has wielded, the sacrifices made to keep it afloat, and the enthusiasm it called forth. This, however, is another story, for Lansbury was by no means the sole cause of the paper's surprising vitality.

The book before us is a simple statement of socialism. It is not addressed to wageworking men and women, but to the middle and upper classes, and Lansbury tells them *their* part in the crime of poverty. He disclaims erudition. He tells a few plain facts and dwells upon them. Of course, he is talking about England, but everything he says would apply equally to America, and all the cleverness of the economists, and the sophistries of the apologists of things as they are, must beat in vain against the simple facts he sets forth in such artless eloquence. I should be the last man in the world to say a word in defense of the intellectual incompetence of some of the advocates of Labor's cause, and I have suffered too much from Lansbury's own mistakes not to feel that even he would have been better for a systematic intellectual training. I imagine he himself would not question it. But all the training in the world could not improve this simple statement, coming straight from the heart of a man of such a type. I am sorry for the soul of any middle or upper class man or woman who can read it without feeling a guilty sense of personal responsibility for poverty and its horrors; and any such who can close it without resolving to do their bit towards not merely alleviating but curing poverty, must place themselves beyond the pale of humanity.

Lansbury's chapter on "Business" shows that present conditions bear hardly on business men as well as on workmen. His is no narrow socialism. He just longs to embrace the whole world in his arms. I know of nobody on earth who has a more Christlike attitude.

And his chapter entitled "Churches!" Lansbury is a Christian, a member of the Church of England, and president of the Church Socialist League. He has actually persuaded the Bishop of Winchester to write a preface for him. Of course his lordship is a bit cautious, and few high ecclesiastical dignitaries would have been so bold as to write it at all, but who could refuse Lansbury anything? Of course, George's indictment of the churches is most conclusive. They simply have not a thing to say. And George has not a trace of bitterness. He writes as a churchman, and his attitude expresses sorrow but no anger. His faith in the integrity and in the good intentions of his fellow-creatures often makes his friends smile, and occasionally it makes them swear. From his point of view it is not wickedness that makes the difficulty. He knows the culprits and they are quite nice people, but they don't quite realize the situation, and he blames himself, not them, for his inability to make them see it. His adherence to the church is no mere formality. He means it every bit, and he takes an active part in church functions. I have often known him to say rather startling things when he has appeared on church platforms side by side with bishops and other

wealthy and titled folk. His is a voice from within the church.

In his last chapter he tells his readers what to do. They must join the working class movement. I am interested to notice that he has arrived at the same political position as Bertrand Russell. He has adopted "Guild Socialism" without losing all faith in political action. He also adheres to Henry George, but is in favor of the state receiving all rent. This seems a little hazy, but what he probably means is that he would take land values, *a la* Henry George, but would ultimately turn the tax into a rent, paid to the state, thus taxing the idle landowner out of existence.

✱

"Political Ideals," by Bertrand Russell. (The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.) \$1.00 net.

Mr. Bertrand Russell has put his political aspirations into five short ethical essays. His style is very simple and clear. He is a man of high ideals and the terrible spectacle of contemporary international relations, and their unfortunate reactions on national life do not cure him either of his idealism or his optimism. He is one of those authors whose attempt to write in a balanced way about the war and its issues has made him unpopular with both sides, and it seems as though, in the present small volume he has said what he has to say without making any practical applications of his principles. The thoughtful reader will have no difficulty in applying them himself, however, while the censors of any belligerent nation, whatever their predilections, will find no excuse for suppressing the volume.

Mr. Russell is a strong individualist. He is severe on what he calls state socialism. What he means by this I am not quite sure, unless it is the paternalism of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, which is reflected in Ramsey MacDonald and Philip Snowden. He knows far too much about German social-democracy to fall into the vulgar error of supposing that it is state socialism of the kind his criticisms seem to be directed against. There is no kind of discussion in which a precise definition of terms is more necessary, and none in which it is more often taken for granted, greatly to the bewilderment of the reader and the confusion of all concerned. Mr. Russell omits to apply any label to the views he holds, and many readers will consider him an anti-socialist because of his criticism of various forms of socialism, and his omission to state that he is himself a socialist. As a fact he is a socialist of the rapidly increasing type which may be called "organized individualists," who have increased enormously in Britain in recent years. He does give his approbation to one form of this movement, "Guild Socialism," though he dissociates himself from the extreme anti-political attitude of its leading exponents, and he departs from them in other important respects so much that it may be doubted whether they would welcome him as a champion. His attitude is really a compromise between guild socialism and parliamentarianism, or social democracy, and guild socialism itself is a compromise between social democracy and syndicalism, which is the European form

of the rather referen knows book is attitude drifting not thi dency.

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- 1 can Mennen's Talcum Powder.
- 1 tube Colgate's Dental Cream.
- 1 tube Shaving Cream.
- 1 Shaving Brush.
- 1 Foot Soap.
- 1 New Skin.
- Complete in box for shipping.

### Package "D"—\$1.00

- 1 pair Scissors.
- 1 Comb.
- 1 Pencil.
- Shoe Laces.
- Threads.
- Safety Pins.
- Buttons.
- Complete in khaki roll-up.

### Package "K"—50c

- 20 Piedmont Cigarettes.
- 20 Camel Cigarettes.
- 1 Pipe.
- 1 can Tuxedo Tobacco.
- 1 package Pipe Cleaners.
- 1 package Cigarette Papers.
- Complete in box for shipping.

### Package "M"—\$1.50

- 100 Cigarettes.
- 1 Tobacco Pouch.
- 1 Pipe.
- 1 package Pipe Cleaners.
- 1 package Tareyton Tobacco.
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### Combination "T"—\$6.00

- Shaving Brush.
- Shaving Stick.
- Dental Cream.
- Cake of Soap.
- Nail Brush.
- Comb.
- Toothbrush.
- Toothbrush Case.
- Tablet and Pencil.
- Can of Tobacco.
- Package Cigarettes.
- Talcum Powder.
- Hair Brush.
- Trench Mirror.
- Pipe.
- Combination Knife, Fork and Spoon.
- Complete Sewing Kit.
- Deck Playing Cards.
- Complete in roomy Khaki Bag, large enough to hold additional wearing apparel.

### Package "G"—\$4.50

- 1 Shaving Brush.
- 1 Tablet, 1 Pencil.
- 1 can Tobacco.
- 2 packages Cigarettes.
- 1 Williams' Talcum.
- 1 Trench Mirror.
- 1 cake Soap.
- 1 Sewing Kit.
- 1 Shaving Cream.
- 1 package Playing Cards.
- 1 Pipe.
- 1 Complete Durham Duplex or Gem Razor Set.
- 1 package Pipe Cleaners.
- Complete in roomy khaki bag which will also hold towel, socks, etc.

### Package "W"—\$1.00

- 2 lbs. Assorted Fancy Cakes.
- Complete in box for shipping.

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- 1 jar Peanut Butter.
- 1 can Geo. Washington Coffee.
- 2 packages Compressed Soup.
- 1/2-lb. can Cocoa.
- 1/2-lb. cake Sweet Chocolate.
- 3 packages Chewing Gum.
- 2 packages OxO Bouillon Cubes.
- 3 packages Life Saver Mints.
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- 1 jar Beechnut Jelly.
- 1/2 lb. Chocolate Creams.
- 1 jar Candy Raspberries.
- 1 Gong Soup.
- 1 cake Almond Chocolate.
- 3 packages Chewing Gum.
- 2 packages Life Saver Mints.
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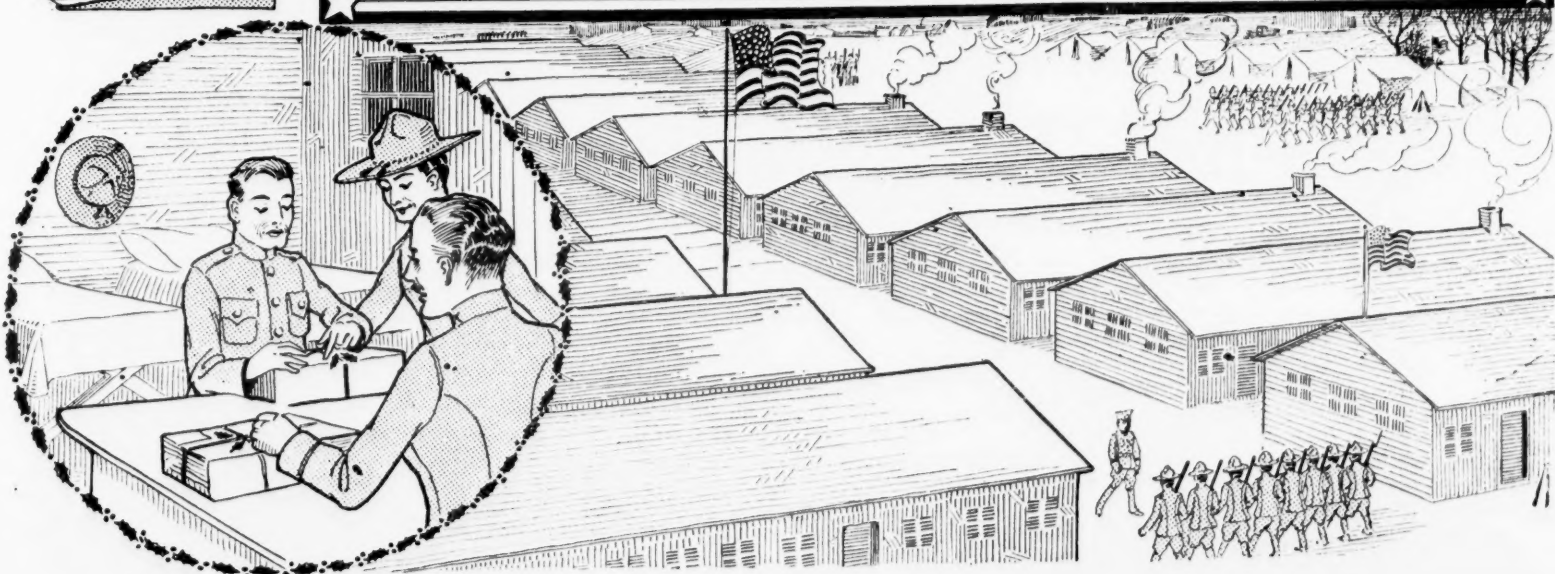
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- 1 lb. Fruit Cake.
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# STIX, BAER & FULLER



of the theory of the I. W. W. He is rather severe, though quite just, in his references to syndicalism, which he knows under its French form. The book is a very clear statement of the attitude most British socialism was drifting into prior to the war, and I do not think the war has checked the tendency. Its main characteristics are a

tremendous stress upon individual liberty, an enlarged appreciation of the present and the ultimate function of the labor unions at the expense of the state, and a weakening in the belief of the effectiveness of mere political action.

One chapter is devoted to international ethics. Nothing is said about the

war. It is wholly a discussion of the form international politics must assume in order to make war impossible of recurrence. There is nothing in the volume to help the Germans, which I am sure he would not want to do, although the writer is a pacifist in ideals. Before the war he was chiefly known for his intimate study of Ger-

man socialism, and one fancies he knows too much of Germany to wish her the victory; although on the other hand he is anxious to save the allies from imitating Germany in their efforts to defeat her. This, however, is merely an inference, for, as I have said, he scrupulously avoids any direct reference to the war or its issues.

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## Coming Shows

Next week the Jefferson will present three Barrie plays, "The New World" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," which have been played at the Empress in New York, and "Barbara's Wedding," a new play with the special Barrie tang which have been played at the Empire until after the present tour. Each play has its separate cast and no actor appears in more than one. All have to do with the war as it affects the minds of the people at home. In "The New

World," a young Englishman has gotten his commission as second lieutenant and has put on his uniform for the first time on the evening before his departure for the front. In saying goodbye he and his father discover that each has for the other a very deep and genuine affection which he cannot conceal, try as he will. In "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" an old Scotch charwoman—played by Beryl Mercer, who should be remembered for her superb acting as the lodging house keeper in "The Lodger" last year—eager to have some one of her own kin at the front

to talk about, boldly adopts as her son, unknown to him, a kilt of the Black Watch, whose name happens to be the same as her own.

Richard Walton Tully's poignantly beautiful play of Hawaiian life, "The Bird of Paradise," will be seen at the Shubert-Garrick next week. It is a story as old as the difference between races and ever provocative of thought. An excellent cast, headed by Marian Hutchins, and a large company of Hawaiian singers, musicians and dancers,

insure the excellence of the production.

Gertrude Hoffman with a revue of classic dances and beautiful scenes in which pretty girls abound, will head the Orpheum bill next week. The scenes were designed and executed by Theodore Reisig, formerly art director of the Manhattan opera house. The finale, a bathing scene a la Annette Kellerman, is especially beautiful. Max Hoffman will be in the pit as usual. "Coon Town Divorcements," a negro satire, will be presented by Comfort and King; the three Quillos will give a daring equilibrist exhibition; and Spencer and Williams will appear in popular nonsense. The Orpheum Weekly will picture Naples and the environs of Mont Dore.

An Oriental spectacle, presented by the Al Golem troupe of twenty-five people, will be the leading feature of the Columbia bill next week. The costumes and scenery are very elaborate. Other numbers are "Finders Keepers," a playlet with a brand new idea; Burkhardt and Gross with a hodge podge of musical humor; Ives, Leahy and Farnsworth, "We that Sing;" Robert Carter and Kathryn Waters in "The Militant and the Man;" Frank Laypo and Bob Benjamin, comedians; William Jackson, versatile entertainer; Hector and Pals, featuring Hector, the mind reading dog; Oddonne, musician; and the Universal weekly.

"The Heart of Wetona," one of the latest of the Belasco successes, will be played at the American next week. The story centers about Wetona, daughter of a Comanche chief, John Hardin, a government Indian agent, and Tony Wells, a young engineer. Four thrilling and sensational acts will be played by a capable company. "The Heart of Wetona" had a long run at the Lyceum theatre in New York.

"Oh, Please Mr. Detective," a musical comedy with a good comedian, Bobby Woolsey, a clever juvenile and a pretty bunch of girls, will be the topline attraction at the Grand Opera House next week. The bill will also include Tom Davies and company in a domestic farce, "Checkmated;" Fields, Kean and Walsh in "After the Matinee;" Stoddard and Hynes in "The Absent Minded Professor;" Edwards and Louise in a vaudeville surprise; the Bimbos, acrobats; Devoy and Dayton, "At the Cigar Counter;" Rosalie Asher, full of fun; Lonzo Cox with his scissors; and the latest Universal pictures.

"The Sightseers," a musical comedy in two acts with several all-star vaudeville acts interpolated, will come to the Gayety next week. The co-stars of the cast are Will J. Kennedy, a big favorite, and the ever funny Jack Miller. These two popular burlesque comedians have been surrounded with a specially good company, including a chorus of beautiful girls who sing and dance.

Original comedy, a beautiful chorus, attractive setting and costumes, a company of good burlesquers and musical numbers that win repeated encores, contribute to the success of Lew Talbot's "Lid Lifters," which will play at the Standard next week. The company is headed by Johnnie Weber, who for fourteen years was head of the Rose Sydell show.

## Poet Markham To-Night

Edwin Markham, dean of American poets, will lecture at the Sheldon memorial this evening, under the auspices of the New Jerusalem church. As evidenced in "The Man with the Hoe," Markham has strong democratic principles. Ten years ago he wrote "Russia, Arise" and as a representative of labor his cry for a nobler civiliza-

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**MARKHAM**

Edwin Markham, author "The Man With the Hoe" will lecture at Sheldon Memorial, 3648 Washington avenue, Friday, November 9, 8 p. m.  
"SWEDENBORG AS A LIBERATING POWER." Free

tion has found expression in many other poems. His lecture is entitled "Swedenborg as a Liberating Force;" he will probably read some of his poems and opportunity will be given to meet him after the lecture. No admission fee will be charged as the program has been arranged by friends of the church.

### Mrs Porter's Irish Stories

An interpretative talk on Irish literature and mythology will be given by Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter on the afternoon of November 15, at the home of Mr. David O'Neil, at 6481 Ellenwood avenue, for the benefit of the French orphans. Though primarily a storyteller, Mrs. Porter includes a brief history of Celtic literature which she divides into three cycles. She explains how these stories of adventure, love and enchantment were first told by the bards, then repeated at the firesides, until they gradually became the foundation of Irish literature and the accepted legends of Irish mythology. Mrs. Porter has been doing this work for the past two years and bears the reputation of being an excellent entertainer and instructor.

### Symphony

Michael Gusikoff, the new concertmaster of the Symphony orchestra, will make his first bow to a St. Louis audience as a soloist, at the opening concert next Sunday afternoon at 3:15 o'clock. He will play the Symphonie Espagnole by Lalo. The program also includes Massenet's Overture to Phedre, a selection from Lohengrin, Tchaikowsky's Marche Slave, Thome's Sous la Feuillie and Herbert's American Fantasy. The following Friday afternoon and Saturday night conductor Zach will give his first pair of symphony concerts, of which Mme. Louise Homer will be the solo artist.

Members of the symphony society feel that the orchestra is opening the season under especially auspicious conditions. It has the largest subscription list, the most substantial guarantee fund and the greatest public interest ever before shown, while the orchestra is stronger musically than ever.

### Marts and Money

They had another spell of serious depression on the New York stock exchange. The immediate cause was the news from Italy, which was construed to necessitate many more months of bitter warfare and further material enlargement in tax levies and bond issues. In addition there was the report of a temporary closing of the stock exchange at Montreal and the establishment of minimum prices there as well as on the exchange at Toronto. The ominous developments in those markets brought another tide of liquidation in Canadian Pacific, the quotation for which sank from 144 to 132. Subsequently, Wall street was badly frightened by rumors that the Washington government gravely considered the advisability of closing the Wall street exchange. When talk to this effect had categorically been denied, the stock exchange officials announced that they had decided to exercise restrictive supervision of all operations for short account, with a view to preventing conscienceless raiding tactics, launched for the purpose of frightening investors or promoting pro-German propaganda. For a while this action on the part of the authorities had a quieting, helpful effect, particularly so since it was accompanied by the statement that a proposal calling for the fixing of minimum prices had been turned down. In connection with this, J. P. Morgan was credited with resolute opposition to minimum figures. According to the *on-dit*, he declared that if the stock exchange were to see fit to establish minimum quotations, it should also furnish the sellers and buyers. In respect to this it may be pointed out that limited plans of irreducible levels have been in effect both in England and France since the early part of the struggle, and the results appear to have been quite advantageous all around. Relative to the results of our own temporary experiment in 1914, opinion continues widely conflicting. For the present the great majority of people dealing in Wall street securities strongly prefer a wholly unrestricted market. They feel that a *laissez-faire* policy is the best calculated to further both private and national interests. This, despite the accommodating policy lately adopted by Comptroller Williams with regard to the book values of securities owned by banks in the federal system. The little lull in liquidation was soon followed by another severe sinking spell, which led to the establishment of new low notches for a considerable number of prominent issues. Especial attention was paid to the breaks in Union Pacific common and United States Steel common. The former now is rated at 113½, against 149½ on June 6. Steel common, after falling to 93¼, rallied to 98, and then relapsed to 95½. On May 31, sales were made at 136½. There were no further attempts to explain the consistent weakness of Union Pacific common. Assuming that holders will continue to receive 10 per cent per year, purchasers at 113½ get a net return on approximately 8¾ per cent. The quarterly report of the Steel Corporation created some displeasure. While it revealed the fact that something like \$29 is being earned on the common stock, net figures indicated a substantial contraction of about \$20,000,000. In prevailing circumstances, Wall street is acutely disposed to find fault with most everything. The finance committee of the corporation thought itself justified in again declaring the regular quarterly rate of \$1.25 and \$3 extra. In depressionistic quarters it is argued, of course, that dividends cannot much longer be maintained at the rate of \$17 per annum. Probably not. But it must not be overlooked that even a cut to, say, \$10 would not put the stamp of absurdity upon the ruling quotation of 95½ for the common stock. It would insure a net yield of 10½ per cent. The idea obtains on the stock exchange that in existing circumstances neither prices nor dividends are entitled to close consideration, that everything is in a topsy-turvy state, that uncertainties abound, and that there is greater timidity in the investment world than there ever has been. There are intimations, also, that at a not distant date the federal government may find it necessary to bid 5 per cent for war funds. In such event, it is asserted, still more serious depreciation is bound to ensue in all markets for securities. Careful heed is bestowed likewise upon the predictions of some eminent financiers and economic thinkers that the government will be obliged, by and by,

to supervise and regulate the utilization of the people's savings, in order to eliminate all economic waste. These forecasts are in line with what I said in the MIRROR of October 19: "In the event of the prolongation of the war into 1918 or 1919, it may become necessary for the government to devise ways for exercising some sort of supervision over the use of the people's money in speculative markets, private loans, and promotive schemes of all kinds. The longer the struggle lasts, the greater will become the necessity of concentration in finance, with a view towards covering the constantly rising expenditures. The nation will be compelled to eliminate economic waste in all its forms." Mr. A. C. Miller, of the federal reserve board candidly admitted the other day that inflation already is widely prevalent in the United States. In substantiation of his words, he pointed to the increase in federal reserve bank investments, and added that before long "the reserve system would be made into a great engine of inflation." He also placed the yearly savings of the people at \$15,000,000,000, and insisted, in view of national expenditures of \$20,000,000,000 for the running fiscal year, that an additional \$5,000,000,000 must be added to the annual total.

The decision of the national council of defense to curtail the output of pleasure automobiles by 40 per cent caused a very notable increase in the selling of shares of this class. Studebaker common dropped to 35 3/4, a figure denoting a decline of about \$160 from the top level reached in 1915. Liquidation in this instance was additionally stimulated by a report that the company had a floating debt of \$9,000,000 and will soon engage in new financing. The common stock of the Maxwell Motors Co., which was rated at 99 in the autumn of 1916, is down to 19 1/2. The quotation for silver made a recovery of nearly 10 cents a few days back—from 81 1/4 to 90 1/2 cents. The present price is 88 3/4. The startling fluctuations in this case are plainly reflective of general bewilderment in financial circles in regard to monetary conditions after the termination of hostilities. In the foreign exchange department, the principal feature right now is the rate for Italian drafts. The American dollar commands 7.96 lire, against 5.19 in normal times. The recent maximum was 8 lire. Charges for loans show no particular changes. Stress is put upon the firmness of time funds. The values of first-class bonds continue to exhibit marked weakness. Especially sensational, of late, was the break in some foreign issues. French municipal bonds, drawing 6 per cent, fell to 87. They were floated originally at 99. It has leaked out that the underwriting syndicate had to take 47 per cent for its own account.

#### Finance in St. Louis

There were no happenings of particular consequence in the local market for securities. The daily aggregates of transfers were modest, and quotations recorded no striking changes. The desire to sell was not noticeably increased by unfavorable occurrences in New York. It seemed to be the opinion among holders that the present should not be considered a proper time for

submitting important offerings. Taken altogether, the market acted quite well, and helped to strengthen the impression that local values have already been reduced to bases fairly harmonizing with the material changes that the war has wrought in money markets all over the country. United Railways 4 per cent bonds are quoted at 57.25, a price denoting a new minimum. The recent high mark was 65. The sum total of sales in the past week was \$8,000. The preferred stock continues in good inquiry. About two hundred and forty shares were lately disposed of. Prices ranged from 23.75 to 24.50. The common stock was taken at 5.75. Six thousand dollars of Union Depot Railway 6s brought 99.75, and \$1,000 Broadway 4 1/2s, 95.50.

In the banking group, Bank of Commerce distinguished itself by decided firmness. Almost fifty shares were transferred at 113 to 114. Twenty Boatmen's Bank brought 104, the previous figure, and two Mississippi Valley Trust, 285. There were no favorites among industrial issues. National Candy common, transactions in which were numerous, was taken mostly at 30.50 to 31. Twenty Brown Shoe common brought 66; twenty-five Hamilton-Brown Shoe, 129; fifty Consolidated Coal, 60; ten Rice-Stix D. G. second preferred, 102; thirty-seven Portland Cement, 79 to 80; and ten Certain-teed second preferred, 88.75.



#### Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bank of Commerce	111	114
United Railways com.	57 1/2	58 3/4
do pfd.	22 1/2	23
do 4s.	56 1/4	57
St. L. & Sub. 1st 5s.	97	97 1/2
do gen. 5s.	95 1/2	96 1/2
Union Depot 6s.	99 3/4	100
Laclede Gas com.	80	81
do pfd.	94	95
do 5s.	98 7/8	99
K. C. H. Tel. 5s (\$1000)	90	91
St. L. Cotton Compress	39	40
Ely & Walker com.	120	121
do 2nd pfd.	87	88
Int. Shoe com.	97 3/4	98 1/2
Certain-teed com.	17	18
do 2d pfd.	89	90
Hydraulic P. Brk. com.	1	2
Cent. Coal & Coke com.	58	59
Granite-Bimetallic	15	16
Mo. Portland Cement	80	81
Hamilton-Brown	127	128
Brown Shoe Co.	56	57
do pfd.	87	88
National Candy com.	28 1/2	29
Chicago Ry. Equipment	110	111



#### Answers to Inquiries

W. A. U., Lima, O.—The preferred stock of the Republic Steel Co. is an investment of a somewhat speculative character. Largely viewed, the current price of 95 does not seem high, there being no question, at this date, concerning the stability of the 7 per cent dividend. The company still earns the 6 per cent dividend on the common with a comfortable margin of safety. The value of the preferred must necessarily fluctuate with tendencies in the general market. Thus far the depreciation has not been very severe—twenty-two points from the top mark in 1916, which represents absolute maximum. A further decline of ten or twelve points would no doubt be witnessed if the war were to continue into 1918. For the six months ended June 30, 1917, the company reported a surplus of \$9,786,000, after preferred and common dividends. The figures for the second half of the year should be less favorable—approximately \$6,500,000.

INVESTOR, Los Angeles, Cal.—The decline of \$17 in the price of Southern

Pacific since last March has no inauspicious significance as to the safety of the 6 per cent dividend. The company is earning about 14 per cent on the \$272,822,000 common stock, despite the large shrinkage revealed in the last monthly statement. The value of the shares is affected by general financial conditions. Purchases should be begun in case of a break to 75, a figure indicating a net yield of exactly 8 per cent. In putting in buying orders, one should bear in mind that one hardly ever succeeds in getting an order filled at or close to the bottom. The thing to do is to purchase as soon as one is assured of a substantial yield and the high intrinsic merits of the stock desired.

INQUIRER, St. Louis.—American Hide & Leather preferred is thoroughly speculative. It draws 5 per cent per annum, though entitled to 7 per cent, cumulatively. There is \$13,000,000 outstanding. The stock is in the hands of a canny clique, which has often worked overtime trying to distribute holdings at fancy figures. The current price of 58 compares with 84 7/8 last December. There is 112 per cent in unpaid dividends to be provided for. Cannot advise purchases unless you are prepared to run the hazards of a long pull.

D. K., Columbus, Neb.—Union Pacific preferred is an excellent investment. Its future value, like that of all other desirable securities, depends to a considerable extent upon the duration of the war. At the present price of 73, the net return is 5.50 per cent. Under prevailing conditions, it should be not less than 6 per cent, a rate obtainable on purchases at 66. In view of the progressive and startling impoverishment of nations, a truly extensive recovery in the price of this or any other stock of the best class cannot reasonably be looked for in the calculable future.

SUBSCRIBER, Kansas City, Mo.—There are no visible strong inducements to buy American Zinc, Lead & Smelting common. It is just a gamble—nothing more for the present. The prevailing price of 13 looks cheap, of course, when contrasted with the maximum of last year—97 7/8. There is \$4,828,000 outstanding, of the par value of \$25. The last dividend, due in August, was deferred. The 6 per cent preferred dividend may be considered secure for the time being. The company has \$500,000 notes outstanding. There are also outstanding \$1,900,000 Granby Mining first 5s, due in 1920.



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